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FRANCE AND THE RUHR

If Western Union is to be a reality, and not a device to cover Europe's drift into dependence on America, it must be based on Anglo-French accord. A small but influential body of opinion in this country, without challenging this principle publicly, secretly believes that France is "finished" and we must rely on a revived and re-armed Germany as the main Continental bulwark against Bolshevism. This view is widely held and openly preached in the U.S.A., where both military experts and big business men are now arguing that Ruhr steel production should be boosted, under German ownership and management, despite France's reasonable military and economic objections.

It is the knowledge that such ideas are gaining ground in Washington and London which has caused French opinion to react so violently against the recent Anglo-American declaration on the ownership of the Ruhr. The French are concerned not so much about the wording of a preamble as about the thinking which lies behind it. Their view is that the Germans can be either the masters or the servants of Europe: the role they can never play is that of equals in a democratic community of nations. When we argue that we must tell the Germans that the Ruhr will remain German, if German morale is to be sustained, the French retort: "Which do you think more important, the morale of your allies or of your exenemies?" It is a fair question.

Whatever the pressure from across the Atlantic, it is essential that the Government should stand staunchly by the principle of an Anglo-French accord. We may be disappointed at French weakness and internal dissension; but we must surely realise that without that accord all the work of O.E.E.C. in Paris and of the military and political commissions in Brussels is valueless. Moreover, the only hope of preventing the accession to power of General de Gaulle, and the consequent disruption of Western Union, is to remove the present conflicts between London and Paris.

These conflicts concern not only the Ruhr but also the economic and political aspects of Western Union. It is now clear that the master four-year plan, into which the 19 national plans were to be integrated, cannot be completed before Congress considers the allocations for the second year of E.R.P. It has been found impossible to reconcile the Socialist austerity of the British plan with the very different ideas of Continental free economies such as France and Belgium. Sir Stafford Cripps has a powerful case. His very low estimate of the imports we can afford to take from O.E.E.C. countries is realistic; and he is unmoved by the argument that our parsimony in this respect will make sterling a scarce currency. There is no doubt that, if Western Europe is to be convalescent by 1952, other countries must accept the British plan as a model, increase their production of essential goods, cut down their output of luxuries, and introduce the controls which have enabled Britain to surpass all her neighbours in her rate of recovery. Sir Stafford is not, of course, asking them to become Socialists; in his nostrils planned austerity under any other name smells just as sweet.

It is important, however, that we should avoid the reputation of insular self-righteousness and the suspicion that we are trying to impose on Europe a British way of life. France must certainly grow more food and produce more essentials, if we are to import more from her. But we cannot demand that a country whose chief exports have always been luxuries and non-essentials—including tourism—should transform itself overnight for our convenience. The vineyards of Burgundy will not really be more use to Western Union if they sprout potatoes; nor should we expect the French Government to direct to tractor factories all the waiters who minister to tourists in hotels and restaurants or the girls who stitch Paris models. It is to be hoped that these luxury trades will earn dollars in the U.S.A.; but, within reasonable limits, we should assist them by British imports. After all, we have some luxury trades which we desire to preserve. A Bentley car is no more essential than a piece of Lyons brocade. Moreover, if we drive austerity to extremes, we shall be left in the ridiculous position of giving our goods and sterling to France for nothing and refusing to take in exchange the wine and perfume which is all the French have to offer at the moment.

The second dispute concerns the nature of political union. Here again we have a strong case. We believe in functionalism—a pragmatic approach—and we want a European Council, which does some serious work, not an Assembly of talkative politicians. Dr. Dalton has gone to Paris to put this point of view to the French. He is a brilliant debater, as he showed when he disposed of R. W. G. Mackay and the other advocates of the French proposal at the Labour Party Conference at Scarborough. It is to be hoped that in Paris he will resist the temptation to repeat his dialectical pirouettes. His aim should be not to score off the French but to reach a genuine agreement. That demands large concessions by the islanders, who despise written constitutions, to the continentals, who cannot live without them. A point will come where it is functionally necessary to transcend functionalism and consider the principles of political association.

Nowhere is this more clear than in the case of Germany. There is no solution of the German problem in terms of the sovereign nation State. Unless we are willing ourselves to sacrifice sovereignty, the Germans will ultimately regain it and use it to justify a new series of aggressions. Unless we apply internationalism to our own industries as well as to those of Germany, international control of the Ruhr is bound to break down in a few years. Instead of rejecting the French proposal for international ownership, we should accept it in principle and then show the French that it must be extended to heavy industry in Lorraine and Benelux, not to mention Great Britain. We can only do all this if we are prepared not merely to fight for our British ideas of national planning and functional co-operation, but to translate them into continental terms.

The Battle in China

Over the two distinct theatres of military operations in Northern China—Pekin-Tientsin and Hsuchow-Nanking—the smoke of battle is still thick. Having made claim, last week-end, to dramatic and improbable victories, the

National Government now concedes that its 7th Army Group has been encircled and badly cut up east of Hsuchow, while the Communists claim to have captured Paoting, the capital of Hopeh Province, and to have increased their pressure in the direction of Pekin. In a radio appeal to the United States from Nanking, Madame Chiang Kai-shek admitted that the Kuomintang's situation was "gravely critical," and urged that American aid "must be immediate and definitive"; but though there are elements in Washington who would doubtless be prepared to launch forth in China with horse, foot and artillery, there is no indication that the Administration intends at present to do more than to continue to speed up the despatch of munitions, on a limited and probably ineffective scale, to Chiang Kai-shek. Declaring, in its turn, over the radio that it would regard the entry into China of American forces as "armed aggression," the Chinese Communist Government has announced that it is "willing to establish equal and friendly relations with all countries" on its assumption of power. How far, in fact, Mao Tse-tung's regime will succeed in establishing control over a unified Communist China remains to be seen; but it is clear that the Western Powers will soon be faced with the need to negotiate *de facto* relationships with the Communists in the whole area north of the Yangtse and in Shanghai. The indications are that British commercial interests in Shanghai are preparing realistically to accept this position.

More Palestine Proposals

Discussing Palestine from three different angles on three different levels, Uno has sunk into a morass of propaganda and intrigue. But two facts emerge from the confusion. In the first place, both the Arabs and the Jews are clinging fiercely to their maximum claims. The Arabs have rejected the Bernadotte Plan outright, and are demanding an Arab State in all Palestine despite their obvious inability to manage even a part of it; the Jews want Western Galilee and New Jerusalem in addition to the area originally allotted to them by the Unscop Plan which they accepted when the Assembly approved it last November. In the second place, the short-lived Anglo-American accord has broken down, and Britain, the U.S.A. and Russia are all advocating their own policies in terms of strict national self-interest. Britain sticks to the Bernadotte Plan in the vain hope of placating the Arabs. The Russians keep to the letter of the Unscop Plan, having apparently decided that to support Israel is the most embarrassing thing they can do in the Middle East. The U.S.A. wobbles between the extremes, proposing that modifications of the Unscop Plan in terms of the Bernadotte Plan should be undertaken only with Jewish consent. In these circumstances it is futile to talk of an imposed solution. How can the United Nations impose order when its chief members are so disunited? This has been recognised by several Dominion representatives. Mr. Pearson for Canada has proposed direct negotiations between the belligerents with the assistance of Uno conciliators. The Australians, clearly inspired by Dr. Evatt, have gone still farther and linked the demand for direct negotiations with a proposal for the admission of Israel to membership of Uno. Since S. Africa and New Zealand take the same attitude, we have the surprising position that Britain on this problem is now isolated from the rest of the Commonwealth. A settlement based on the military *status quo* would certainly be advantageous to the Jews. But Britain, having tolerated an Arab attempt to settle matters by military force, can hardly complain of that.

Coal Board Under Fire

The appearance this week of the Burrows Report on the National Coal Board, together with the Board's comments, coincides with a powerful attack on the Board's structure and policy by Sir Charles Reid, in a series of middle-page articles in *The Times*. In both cases the N.C.B. is charged with over-centralisation, and with a failure to create "a clear channel of command," or to draw a clear distinction between policy-making and executive responsibility. The Burrows Committee, however, unlike Sir Charles Reid, accepts as sound the grouping of the collieries into about fifty Areas, co-ordinated into eight Divisions, and makes only secondary proposals based upon this grouping. Of its proposals, the Board and the Government have accepted that which provides for an enlarged National Board, including part-time members, but not the further proposal to make the divisional Chairmen members of the Board. This, indeed, would have converted the Board into a large deliberative body which could clearly have had no real responsibility for administration, as distinct from policy-making in the broadest sense. It would have shifted the real power to the Divisions—a solution which the present Board is clearly not proposed to accept. A directly opposite policy is urged by those who, like Sir Charles Reid, wish to abolish the Divisions and transfer executive responsibility to grouped Areas, and thus to the General Managers who are in charge of them. Sir Charles is resentful of bargains made at headquarters—presumably with the N.U.M.—over the heads of the Managers, and wants to convert the National Board into a kind of "holding company" responsible only for broad policy. The whole tangle of proposals and counter-proposals raises complex issues to which we propose to return at greater length. Meanwhile, it is clear that a full-dress attack on the N.C.B.—deserved or undeserved—is to be made full use of in the anti-nationalisation campaign.

Steel Compensation

Last week's debates and press comment go to show that the opponents of the Steel Bill, disappointed in their hopes of being able to attack it as a measure of bureaucratic centralisation, intend to concentrate largely on denouncing the provisions for compensation, on the ground that Stock Exchange values are no real indication of what the assets to be acquired are worth. It is none too clear what alternative method of valuation the critics propose. Some want an independent adjudication of the worth of each firm's assets, while others put forward the fantastic suggestion that the plant to be taken over should be valued at replacement cost. The first of these methods could work only if, as in the case of the coal industry, a global sum were settled first, and then divided up. But how could such a sum be fixed, except on a basis of Stock Exchange values? The second method would be utterly unrealistic, both because physical replacement of the existing assets would be impossible in face of shortages of man-power and other resources, and because no one would wish to replace the existing physical assets in the same form, even if it could be done. Of course, the result of either method, unless a global value were fixed first, would be to present the shareholders of the steel firms with a sum vastly in excess of the current value of their property. No one pretends that Stock Exchange values are a perfect guide; but they are regularly used for death duties and, when firms are being acquired as going concerns, seem the natural basis to adopt. Actually, the shareholders stand to get the benefit, already reflected in Stock Exchange quotations, of the full employment situation and prospects of the steel industry; and the dates taken as a basis for the valuation are as favourable as they well could be. As for the argument that values have been depressed by the Government's policy of dividend limitation, the answer is, first, that this does not in any way discriminate between steel and other investments; and, secondly, that it is part of the national necessity forced on this country by post-war stringency, and that it would be monstrous to allow the holders of steel shares to contract out of meeting their quota of the common burden.

New Film Finance Corporation

So far, the Film Finance Company has kept alive Sir Alexander Korda, and the talented producers associated with him, by advancing, or promising to advance, large sums to "British Lion," a distributing company closely linked to Sir Alexander. There can be no quarrel with this; it was essential to keep "London Films" in full production if the new 45 per cent. quota was to be met. Unfortunately, no doubt because of the jealousies and rivalries in the industry, little money has found its way from "British Lion" to film producers not connected with "London Films." In addition, the only other distributing agencies to receive aid from the Film Finance Company have been two little-known distributors who specialise in the making of exceptionally cheap film comedies for provincial showing. Here again this is not the fault of the Film Finance Company; their terms of reference have compelled them to lend only to distributors, and not to producers direct. The Government, naturally hesitant on first entering into this chancy industry, adopted this procedure so that it could be certain of getting its money back from companies with assets should things go wrong. The limitations of this method have now been demonstrated by the failure of many good producers to get any assistance whatever under the Government scheme. As a result, the new Film Production (Special Loans) Bill shortly to be debated in Parliament provides that the new Corporation which is to be set up, and which will take over the present Film Finance Company, may lend money direct to producers. Presumably this will involve some much-needed supervision of the costs of the individual producers who will benefit—a supervision which is by no means certain when the money is lent through distributors. This further development of lending powers will represent the maximum extent to which it is reasonable to expect the Government to go in financing film production. If the Board of Trade also goes ahead rapidly with its proposed granting of facilities for the building of additional stages at existing studios—on condition that they are made available to independent producers and provided that they incorporate new cost-saving devices and techniques—the independent producer should be well assured of protection from excessive studio charges and of the money to start work. But acute crisis in the film industry has now prevailed for over a year. Speed is essential in the carrying out of the projected arrangements.

Legal Aid Extended

Based broadly, as it is, on the recommendations of the Rushcliffe Committee, the Legal Aid Bill is a good example of "two bites at a cherry" legislation. So far as it goes, the measure is commendable. It has long been recognised that the provision of legal assistance in the criminal courts for "poor persons" was a quite inadequate answer to the problem of ensuring that justice should not be beyond the reach of people with limited means. The new scheme, which provides that legal aid, either free of cost or subject to some contribution, will be forthcoming if an applicant's "disposable" income, after deduction of income tax and other fixed charges, does not exceed £420 a year, will apply, it is estimated, to at least 12 millions of the population, who will thus not be prevented by lack of financial resources from having recourse to the courts. (Actions for libel, slander and breach of promise are sensibly excluded from the scope of the Bill in order to prevent frivolous litigation.) So far, so good. But what the Bill fails to tackle is the extravagant cost of litigation itself. As is emphasised by Mr. Lester Hutchinson, M.P., in our correspondence columns and also by the author of the series of articles, concluded this week, entitled "Socialist Stocktaking," the need eventually is for legislation to establish a national legal service, and to leave in private hands only as small a sector of litigation as is now the case with the medical profession.

PARLIAMENT: Skeleton A.R.P.

It was a coy debate. Hardly anyone spoke of Russia, though all referred to her allusively. Once or twice, an interrupter asked "Against whom?", when war was mentioned. But the question faltered. Everyone knew that the half-price war now being fought over Berlin might one day enlarge itself to war at full-cost over Britain.

But Chuter Ede's opening speech on the Civil Defence Bill was no more than an amber light, a preliminary warning to ensure that, if war came (and he didn't suggest that it was imminent) the country would have a civil defence system. From that point onwards, the discussion forked into two main themes—organisation and strategy.

The inexpert in the most recent developments of scientific warfare had hoped that Sir John Anderson would have developed his cheering comments in an earlier debate on the brown-paper defence against atom bombs. Unfortunately, his only reference to modern forms of warfare was to say that he was not disposed to dogmatise. He limited himself to the planning of civil defence; and thereafter it seemed almost as improper to refer to the atomic bomb as it was to speak of the Russians.

Between the Government and the Opposition, there was no disagreement about the principle of the Bill. Only the Communists objected to it. With a familiar ambivalence, Piratin claimed that the Bill was undesirable, since it was merely part of the war-ferment against Russia; and inadequate since it didn't protect The People. This annoyed Bechervaise, an elderly Member with white hair and a matriarchal manner, who rose to reprove the Communists for campaigning for deep shelters in the early part of the war, while "seeking refuge in such shelters as they could."

Had Gallacher, in defending his colleague, stuck to Parliamentary epithets, he might have punctured Bechervaise effectively. Instead, he called Bechervaise "a dirty blackguard," an unparliamentary expression which denied him the opportunity of hearing Bechervaise later in the day. It is difficult to interpret gestures in Parliament, but there were some who thought that Gallacher, in motioning with his head to Bechervaise as he left the Chamber muttering, was not inviting him outside for a cup of tea.

Of those who spoke for the blitzed areas, Lewis, Burden and Sargood all referred in various ways to the value of local voluntary enterprise. And, indeed, one of the few unchanging principles of civil defence, learnt in the last war, has been the value of a synthesis between local effort and local patriotism, and national planning in the public cause. Aneurin Bevan, not slow to censure municipal and rural authorities when they are indolent and inefficient, is equally an active defender of their merits. He had no doubt that co-operation between local authorities and the central Government was the best technique of civil defence.

The underlying strategic question to the whole debate was, "Is Britain defensible?" Prior-Palmer, in one of the day's most effective speeches, raised the matter, and answered "Yes," but owing to self-imposed limitations about the nature of the enemy and his weapons, he didn't expand the answer. He believed that the next war would have an unorthodox beginning—a puzzling phrase for some of his listeners. He meant by it war without the formal preliminaries, the call of "seconds out" and "time."

On the Labour side, Vernon showed some reluctance to support a Bill which might create apprehensions, leading to the precise result that they wanted to avoid. But Crossman restored the Bill to its proper place—the third in the measures for dealing with a prospective attacker. First, try to talk him out of it; second, hit him; third, cover up. Or as Crossman himself put it, "Diplomatic defence comes first, active defence second, and Civil Defence comes a long way behind." The Bill was an enabling Bill, and because it didn't prepare defence in detail, it did not encourage alarm.

The House wasn't alarmed. Some Members have relaxed into the comfortable view that the Berlin crisis is mellowing with age. Others accept it as they would accept duodenal ulcer, as a nagging pain that recedes and returns, but which, if it gets no worse, is bearable. And others still, the pessimists, watching the doors open on the skeleton Bill, see in it a *memento mori*.

MAURICE EDELMAN

TRADE UNION PROBLEMS

British Trade Unionism has always shown itself quite remarkably immune from ideological splits. So has the Co-operative movement. There have been, in a few places, and for short periods, Roman Catholic Trade Unions and Roman Catholic Co-ops; but there has never been any considerable attempt to organise either movement on a sectarian religious basis, as there has been in so many Continental countries. There have been splits in particular Trade Unions, resulting in the establishment for a time of rival Right-wing or Left-wing bodies; but they have never come to much or lasted long. When the Trade Unions entered the Labour Party in 1900, there were predictions that great breakaways to the Right would follow; but nothing of the sort occurred. When the Co-operatives followed suit in 1917 and formed the Co-operative Party, many voices again prophesied a disastrous rift in the movement; but actually no such result followed. The British working class has shown, in both its economic organisation—Trade Unions and Co-ops—and in politics, since the creation of the Labour Party, a remarkable capacity for holding together.

The influence of this tradition of unity was shown when the Communist Party first appeared in the field in the 'twenties as an open rival to the Labour Party. The Communists themselves wanted to be accepted as an affiliated section of the Labour Party; they realised that affiliation would give them a valuable base for acting upon the Trade Unions, as well as upon the Labour Party. Their demands for affiliation met with some support from many who did not at all share their views, because the notion of working-class unity, and of settling all differences inside a unified movement, exercised a strong appeal. Even the majorities which rejected Communist affiliation did so with misgivings; but there was really no convincing answer to the argument that the Communist Party of Great Britain was not a self-subsistent body that could enter into binding agreements of "loyalty" to the British working-class movement, but a fraction of the Communist International, bound always in the last resort to obey orders from Moscow, and accepting a loyalty that might at any time come into conflict with loyalty to the British working-class movement. The case was essentially the same as it had been with the British Catholics in relation to the Elizabethan attempt to establish an inclusive national church; and the arrows which Richard Hooker, in his Ecclesiastical Polity, aimed at Puritans and Catholics alike could be aimed equally at Communists.

Indeed, in logic, a case might be made out to-day that it is impossible for a loyal Communist to be a loyal member either of a Trade Union or of a Co-operative Society in a country engaged in a struggle both for economic survival and for the maintenance of its national democratic way of life. If it be part of the Communist doctrine that this cause must be sabotaged by every possible means, whenever the Cominform so directs, it would become quite illogical to have in key Union positions men whose first loyalty was to the *saboteurs*. Nevertheless, arguable though this be in logic, it would be a highly dangerous basis for Trade Union policy. First, it is vital to the defence of democracy and to victory in the economic struggle that the working-class movement shall preserve its basic unity of organisation; and it can by no means be taken for granted that all actual members of the Communist Party—much less all "fellow-travellers"—actually put their loyalty to Moscow before their loyalty to the British working class. Secondly, though the Communist Party openly proclaims its opposition to the diversion of productive resources to purposes of which it disapproves, there is no real evidence that it is, in fact, instigating active sabotage of output, though its support for the production drive has been withdrawn. It would, under these conditions, be a great mistake to begin a heresy-hunt of a type that would drive out and confine in opposition a good number of basically sound Socialists who have got mixed up with the Communist Party, but are by no means dyed-in-the-wool Stalinists or prepared to see British standards of living drastically lowered to the greater glory of the doctrinaires of the Soviet Union.

Another danger must be avoided. Trade Union leaders, or most of them, are rightly convinced of the imperative need, not merely to avoid sabotaging the production drive, but also to play an active part in it, because they know that the future living standards of the British people depend on its success. At the same time, most of these leaders are well aware that they *can* help the production drive only to the extent of their power to carry their members with them, not merely in voting, but in a positive sense; and they know that, if they once allow themselves to be looked on as the "stooges" of the Government—even of the *Labour* Government—they will lose much of their power to influence their members' actions.

British Trade Unionism has, therefore, in this matter, too, to steer a middle course, and, while giving all practicable help towards higher productivity, to be careful to maintain its independence and to avoid accepting any responsibility either for the successful conduct of industry or, in particular, for disciplining its own members. These two things—control of the conduct of industry and the disciplining of those engaged in it—necessarily go together. The Trade Unions cannot accept the second without the first; and, as no one—least of all the Labour Government—is offering them the first, they must reject the second, whatever specious arguments may be put forward in its favour. The role of the Trade Unions must be, in the first place, to protect their members' interests and to represent their wishes. Subject to this, and indeed as a necessary part of protecting their members' interests, they must do all they can to further increased production; but they must neither be, nor appear to be, the Government's subordinate agents in putting across its economic policy.

The Trade Unions can throw all their weight in favour of the creation of improved methods of joint consultation in both publicly and privately operated industries and services; they can set out to train their own men for better work as shop stewards and committeemen in the mines and factories, and also for promotion to responsible higher posts in management and administration; they can be much more active in the economic and political education of their members in an understanding of the real situation of Great Britain and of the British people in the contemporary world; and they can continually bring constructive criticism to bear on the working of industry, not only in the socialised sector, but also in the much larger sectors that are still under capitalist control. These tasks, helpful to the production drive, are fully consistent with Trade Union independence.

The case against still closer "co-operation" with management is strong—and stronger because there is no absolute assurance that the Tories may not return to power. For the Trade Unions to find themselves involved in responsibility for output or discipline under a Government bent on restoring capitalist enterprise wherever possible would be so obviously disastrous that no reflecting Trade Unionist can contemplate it at all. It follows that, as long as such a possibility exists, Trade Unionism must retain all the independence that would be needed if it was to find itself involved in a sharp struggle with the Government of the day. In "one-party" States such considerations do not arise. Here they do.

All this points to the need for a great deal more thinking than the Trade Union movement has yet done, or attempted to do. The General Council may be thinking very hard itself, and may be doing its best to get the executives of its affiliated Unions to think; but much more

than this is needed; for the thinking, to be effective, must penetrate down, at any rate, to the active minority in the branches and workshop groups. This it can do only if there is much fuller provision all over the country for continuous free discussion of Trade Union problems in classes, week-end schools, Saturday schools, and the like, organised for active branch officers and members, shop stewards and works committeemen. Trade Unionism can face up to its new problems and opportunities only by getting its members or, rather, enough of them to understand both the realities of Great Britain's new world position and the vastness of the all-in effort which, in this position, the survival of British democracy requires.

FOLLY IN INDONESIA

Reports in the Dutch press that a strong delegation headed by the Foreign Minister is on its way to Batavia may indicate a last-minute realisation by the Dutch Government that it cannot continue to by-pass the Security Council's Committee of Good Offices. This Committee, consisting of representatives of Australia, Belgium and America, was established to bring together the Dutch and the Republican parts of Indonesia. The Linggadjati Agreement of November, 1946, provided that a United States of Indonesia should be set up, consisting of the Republic, Borneo and East Indonesia—the two latter being under Dutch influence. This would be united with the Kingdom of the Netherlands and Surinam in an over-all Union, in which the Republic, with its enormous economic wealth and population, would inevitably play a preponderant role. Since then the Dutch have acted with great singleness of purpose—to destroy the Republic, by the so-called Police Action last July, by a series of crippling economic regulations which amount to a naval blockade, and by diplomatic moves, both in the Committee and outside it. Their aim has been to divide the Indies into a collection of small dependent States and return to the economic position of pre-war days.

Most Dutch people admit that the prosperity of Holland has been built up on three hundred years of colonial rule; and, in their view, Indonesia is a colony, and the whole problem an "internal matter," as Mr. Stikker, the Foreign Minister, recently emphasised. The intrusion of the Security Council was unwelcome; and, though the Committee of Good Offices had to be accepted, Dr. van Mook, the late Lt.-Gov.-General, went ahead with his own policy of setting up "provisional" regional governments in the territories carved out of the Republic during last year's Police Action. The Dutch insisted that these were all "democratic" governments, but they were controlled by Dutch civil servants and administrators, paid for by Dutch money and kept in power by a Dutch army. The Republic stands in the way of this scheme, with its rather awkward insistence on the holding of elections. Up to now the Dutch have refused to consider elections, until "law and order" are established throughout Indonesia, i.e., until the Republican army has been subordinated to theirs.

The Dutch evidently intend to go ahead with a United States of Indonesia of their own making. They came to an "agreement" with the States under their control on October 9th last; they are leaving the Republic to come in if it wishes, but only on Dutch terms, which would mean depriving it of all its attributes of independence. This is a position which the Republic cannot accept; and the Dutch may be content to leave the Republic outside their United States of Indonesia and subject to unrelaxed blockade. This would be dangerous; for, while the blockade is on, the rapidly deteriorating internal economic situation of the Republic is the greatest possible incentive to increased Communist activity. The danger is recognised by most interested foreign governments. Australia, China, and India have given support to the Republic. The U.S. State Department is trying to be as fair to it as possible, while endeavouring to appease the Dutch in order not to split Western Union. Unhappily, Britain appears to have no policy, unless it be that military considerations arising from the Brussels Pact prevent any expression of support for the Republic. As a result, our prestige in South-East Asia is rapidly sinking.

The position of the Committee of Good Offices is invidious. It was never given any power, and has been barely tolerated by the Dutch. Even the Republicans, who at first warmly welcomed the Committee, are becoming a little weary of it; they have been negotiating under its auspices for over a year, and have made many concessions, even withdrawing a substantial body of troops from the West Java pockets, and admitting Dutch sovereignty during the "Interim Period" before the establishment of the United States of Indonesia. The Dutch have made no concessions. Certainly the Committee can claim to have stopped the fighting by the Truce Agreement of last January; but it can claim little more. Eighteen political principles, signed under its auspices on board the U.S.S. *Renville* in January, were agreed to as a basis for a subsequent political settlement; but in June the Committee as a functioning organ virtually broke down. The Belgian point of view has rarely differed from that of the Dutch.

In September, the U.S. delegate, Mr. Merle Cochran, presented new proposals, in the form of an oral Note, to both the Republic and the Dutch. The former accepted them with certain preliminary conditions as a basis on which to reopen negotiations, and so did the latter; but they attached so many amendments of substance as to alter completely the nature of the proposals. Since then there have been meetings between Dr. Hatta and Mr. Stikker, which appear to have been inconclusive. It is difficult to see how it could be otherwise with the two points of view so far apart as they are, unless the State Department, through the medium of Mr. Cochran, brings pressure to bear on both sides.

There came, in September, the premature and swiftly suppressed Communist revolt in Madiun and elsewhere. The Hatta Government's handling of the affair was prompt and efficient. The areas to the East were neutralised while troops were sent to Madiun from the West. Madiun was quickly retaken; in a few places, notably at Ngawi and later at Tjepu, there was heavy fighting, but, by and large, advances were made without opposition. The Communist forces retreated into the mountains undefeated; there they continue sporadic guerilla operations. The Communist leaders know their tactics well. In open fighting they would undoubtedly be heavily defeated by the Government forces, as the Indonesians would be by the Dutch. They hope for another Dutch Police Action, or merely for a continuation of the blockade, which has created a desperate situation in the Republic. The supply of consumer goods has practically dried up, and transport shortages and bad roads cause what is probably the most serious barrier to economic improvement—ineffective distribution. The reconstruction programme has not been particularly successful, and the rationalisation of the army to about a quarter of its previous strength has provided the Communists with their main propaganda ammunition, because the absorption of discharged soldiers into the community is extremely difficult where mobility is so complicated. The blockade is the real obstruction to economic improvement; if that were lifted the Communists would greatly lose their effectiveness. If it remains, the Communists will increase their following.

The Communist attempt raised a problem for the Dutch. Their previous line had been to accuse the Republic of being Communist, just as they had earlier accused it of being a Japanese puppet State. Their attitude now is that the Republic is not strong enough to handle the Communists, that its territories are not under control, and so on. Shortly after the outbreak, rumours were spread from Batavia that there would be negotiations between the Communists and the Republic. A little later, when it was seen that the Republican troops were able to take the Communist-held towns almost at will, rumours were spread that the whole thing was a put-up job to gain international sympathy, especially in view of Hatta's rejection of van Mook's offer of help. Then, when the oil town of Tjepu was menaced, the Dutch Army Information Service issued a series of inaccurate and tendentious news reports, wildly over-estimating the successes of the Communists. There was some apprehension in Jogjakarta that the Dutch would launch a Police Action to "safeguard" the oil supplies. Since then, the "Communist menace" has continued to be the "line" of Dutch propaganda.

The Dutch have an army in Indonesia well over a hundred thousand strong, well trained and armed, with tanks, artillery, aircraft. The Republic has little beside small arms, bamboo spears and man-power. The Dutch contention that its army can deal with the menace of Communism appears, unfortunately, to have been taken in the West at its face value. But the Dutch know that, if they undertake another Police Action, its real object will be to destroy the Republic, not Communism. They know well that the effect would be to unite all Indonesians against them; that moderate Nationalist leaders could never, even if they wanted, order Indonesians to fight with colonial troops against other Indonesians. And when the Dutch had overrun the Republic, which they could do—at least in Java—in a couple of weeks, what then? They can scarcely control the territories in West Java they seized during the Police Action last year. What would happen is that there would be unleashed a bloody guerilla war, embittered—as in old days—by Dutch retaliatory actions. Surely it is time that the United Nations woke up to the fact that the Republic is not a few "extremists," but is a solid Nationalist movement, determined not to hand its country back to its colonial ex-owners. If we want to save the Indies from Communism we should be strengthening the Republic, not listening to clap-trap about the restoration of "law and order" by colonial bayonets.

A LONDON DIARY

Those who know tell me that the King is the most conscientious of monarchs, not merely formally approving, but personally reading, State documents with all the assiduity of the Prince Consort. Moreover, in these days the number of parades and functions, demanding continuous hours of standing, which a monarch must attend, would be an immense strain on even the strongest of men. It would be surprising if trouble arising from an obstruction to the blood flow were not the occupational disease of constitutional monarchs, just as duodenal ulcers are common among busmen and journalists, and as gout used to be among the King's more self-indulgent and less conscientious ancestors.

* * *

Once the New York longshoremen went on strike, it was obvious that the *Queen Elizabeth* could not dock there without causing more difficulties than the Cunard White Star Company would be prepared to face. Consequently, the port of disembarkation had already been changed to Halifax—a most inconvenient port from the point of view of the company, because of the expensive rail fares that would have to be paid for 2,000 passengers down to New York. When the Halifax longshoremen indicated their intention to support the New York dockers, the crew of the *Queen Elizabeth* declared their solidarity with both. This absolved Cunard White Star from all responsibility for the delay in sailing and saved them the cross-country American rail fares; Halifax out, it would be no more expensive to have the liner anchored off England than off the coast of America. The company, therefore, agreed with no great reluctance that the

liner should not sail until the New York strike was settled; the crew went back; the *de luxe* service for the embarked passengers was resumed. Later, the company suggested that the ship should cross the Atlantic in the hope that by the time the other side was reached the New York strike would be settled. The suggestion was rejected by a majority of the crew, who felt that this would be a breach of the bargain reached and would weaken the solidarity proclaimed between the British seamen and the American strikers. The *Q.E.'s* crew have in consequence had a bad press, and have been accused of causing a loss of dollars. On the facts, this is an unfair criticism. Moreover, the advocates of Anglo-American "get-together" cannot have it both ways. British and American businessmen are urged to co-operate. Why not the workers? After all, American Labour voted for Mr. Truman and Marshall Aid. Workers in the United States are more likely to load stores cheerfully to aid their British counterparts if they stand by them in a stoppage.

* * *

Now that the battle for more newsprint and unrestricted sales has been won, one or two Press Lords are beginning to consider the economic consequences of their victory. Small newspapers with frozen circulations were extremely profitable, since loss of advertising revenue was more than made up by savings on newsprint, the price of which has risen since 1939 from £10 to over £40 a ton. A few months ago, when a short period of unrestricted sales was permitted, Lord Beaverbrook is said to have lost a considerable sum every week by his efforts to increase the sales of the *Daily Express*. How much bleaker are the prospects of Lord Kemsley, when Harold Wilson "sets him free" from controls next January. Opinion in Fleet Street is that his two *Graphics* will lose heavily when the latecomer at the news-stall is able to buy something else. Odham's Press, too, may have a difficult job to hold the sales of the *Daily Herald* and the *People* at their present very high level. My guess is that, among the daily papers, the *Mirror* will make the most spectacular advance and will very soon forge ahead of the *Express* and become the most popular daily newspaper in the world. The *Mail* may record some advance under the lively, knockabout editorship of Frank Owen, possibly at the expense of the *News Chronicle*, which has to compete, as a "serious" newspaper, with the *Daily Telegraph*. As for the Sunday newspapers, I am fairly sure that the *News of the World* will increase its present prodigious sales, and it looks as though the *Sunday Pictorial* will quickly forge ahead of its main rival, *The People*.

* * *

If my guesses are right, it means that most people prefer a magazine on every day of the week to the old-fashioned newspaper. The secret of the sensational growth of the *Mirror* group during the last ten years is their resolute adherence to the principle that what the greatest number of people normally want is not political news, but news about "the likes of them," gossip columns and only "featurised" treatment of politics and other "heavy" material. If the other popular papers are to compete against them, they will have to conform to this new fashion; and the result will be that, despite the increase in the size of newspapers, we shall get even less news, in the old sense of the word, than we do now—unless, of course, the Tribunal in Church House can be prolonged indefinitely. The amount of space devoted to it shows that paper economy does not prevent the Press from reporting politics in full when the politics to be reported have sufficient "reader interest." Meanwhile, that substantial minority which does want serious news and comment relies increasingly on the few London and provincial dailies and weeklies that have the old-fashioned notion that profits are secondary to the job of imparting information and exercising steady influence as opposed to mass suggestion.

Mr. Frederick Osborn, the U.S. representative on the Atomic Energy Commission, travelled from the U.N. Assembly in Paris to Cambridge to attack Professor P. M. S. Blackett's book, *Military and Political Consequences of Atomic Energy*. It was an extraordinary performance. He confessed that he had only read bits of the book, but went on to say that "every detail of the book is wrong. It is based on false premises and tendentious arguments." He dealt with only two points in it, and on the second, Blackett's analysis of the American motives in dropping the atomic bomb, he became emotional and declared it was just as well that he did not have Blackett there as he could not have stayed in the same room with him. Yet he blamed Blackett for having declined his invitation through the American Embassy to appear on the platform. He said that Blackett had declared he was too busy and "repeated some of the remarks I have heard from Mr. Gromyko." The fact is that Professor Blackett received no formal invitation from the Embassy, only a late night telephone call from a Cambridge student asking him to speak on dates which he could not manage. The whole implication of the attack was that Blackett was the mouthpiece of Moscow, whereas Osborn's real grievance was that Moscow was the mouthpiece of Blackett—he complained angrily that Vyshinsky had quoted the book ten times in his last speech. His other grievance was that a physicist (albeit a Nobel Prize-winner) should have dared to get involved in the "complex field of human affairs"—which is much as if Professor Blackett complained that Mr. Osborn had no status in the matter because he is a social scientist. He apparently was not aware that his own Government had awarded the highest recognition a civilian can get (the Medal of Merit) to Blackett because, though a physicist, he did outstanding wartime work in Operational Research, which is the application of scientific analysis to complex organisational and human processes. Mr. Osborn also complained that Blackett was "cynical," which may be translated, I take it, as realistic about the motives of politicians, including Americans. Perhaps when he has studied the book as carefully as Vyshinsky has done, we may get a reasoned American reply.

* * *

I don't think even William Morris foresaw the day when it would be a form of penalty to be a landlord and a privilege to be a rent-paying tenant. The abolition of private property might have been anticipated, but hardly the complete reversal of the landlord-tenant relationship. Yet in some industrial areas of the country this has already been the effect of the Rent Restrictions Act—coupled with the powers of the local authorities to insist on repairs. A friend of mine tells me that an unhappy Birmingham landlord showed him a year's bills for eight houses. The total rents were just over £200—the bills for repairs were nearly £300. And out of the rents the landlord had to pay rates, ground rent, and the water rate—making another sixty pounds or so. He had tried to sell his property, but there were no offers. He was now at the stage where he was willing to give the houses away; but the tenants smiled and said, "No, thank you." One landlord in the same district got rid of four houses by presenting them to their tenants with a gift of £25 and a motor cycle to go with each house. Of course, it's often the landlords' own fault. Neglect in the past has meant more repairs to-day than otherwise would have been needed. But, even so, ordinary running repairs on a reasonably well-looked-after house cost easily double what they did in 1939, and landlords with good records have not got much to spare. A tenant in a provincial town who pays a rent of ten or eleven shillings a week is no longer one of the exploited, but is in the happy position of getting his own back for previous years of bad treatment.

CRITIC

BILLS OF DIVORCEMENT

"God has willed that the sacred ties uniting His Majesty King Farouk and Her Majesty Queen Farida be repealed."—Egyptian Cabinet statement. Nov. 19th.

THE vows which Egypt's King Farouk in matrimony bound,
The vows which Queen Farida took, as Egypt's consort crowned,
Have now been severed on advice from Allah the All-wise,
Who sets us free in paradise from sacred nuptial ties.

The Act which Eire's status raised as Britain's royal mate,
The Act which all but Ulster praised, she plans to terminate,
For ancient gods of Erin who the Gaelic chieftains rule
Have prompted Eire to undo her union with John Bull.

As Allah moved two royal hearts to snap the marriage chain,
So Eire from the Empire parts, as Eire's gods ordain,
The voices of the Fairy *Sidhe* Costello must obey,
But John Bull does not wish to see his consort divorcée.

The troth which made her John Bull's bride was not imposed by force,
The grounds appear unjustified as basis for divorce,
With sovereign freedom Britain gave she has no cause to carp,
While Eire brought no dowry save the shamrock and the harp.

The harp that once Great Britain hung upon Westminster's walls,
The harp restored will be restrung to play in Tara's halls,
For Eire, breaking plighted vows, the royal crest bereaves,
And only to her jilted spouse an adverse balance leaves.

Both Egypt's King and Queen endorse the rift by Allah shown,
But Eire's action for divorce she carries through alone—
What Erin's ancient gods desire, her Ministers reveal,
But God John Bull does not inspire to advocate repeal.

SAGITTARIUS

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In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, said the judge, a man who runs away is guilty, but ——— was the innocent one per cent . . . Mrs. ——— had no right to shout "Stop that man" when he bolted . . . She could have called out "Will you please stop that gentleman, and kindly ask him to give me his name and address as he has just assaulted me."—*Daily Mirror*. (Guy Innes.)

The Princess and her husband would have preferred their child to be born at their country house, Windlesham Moor, near Sunningdale, but it was felt that a possible heir to the throne should not first see the light in a rented house.—*Daily Herald*. (E. L. Bradby.)

Mr. ——— said he felt in the same position as the other clergyman, who, in making an appeal for money, said he wanted not abstract sympathy, but concrete plum pudding. The concrete plum pudding, he said, would be used for a spiritual purpose.—*Letchworth Citizen*. (G. P. Lea-Wilson.)

The Dental Estimates Board have decided not to pay dentists for pulling their own teeth.—*Dental Magazine*. (W. Nelki.)

SOCIALIST STOCKTAKING

[This concludes the series of articles in which a Labour M.P. analyses the theory and practice of current British Socialism. They are presented as a basis for discussion.]

In previous articles in this series an attempt has been made to outline the theory of Socialism implicit in the Government's actions since 1945. We have seen that it has been compelled, on many important issues, to depart from the Socialist blueprints of the 1930s and to go far beyond the modest programme of *Let's Face the Future*, with its almost exclusive concentration on nationalisation and social security. Under the stress of emergency a novel type of democratic planning is being evolved, which, in conjunction with State ownership of the basic industries, gives to the Government nearly all the powers it requires for building a Socialist society on the basis of a mixed economy. Capitalist Jericho scarcely put up a fight. Its walls fell flat at the sound of Cripps' trumpet; and the issue at the next election will be whether the British people prefer the Promised Land to the desert in which they lived for so many years.

This means that the 1950 programme, unlike that of 1945, will be primarily concerned, not with the institutions and mechanics of Socialism, but with the human relations of individuals and classes. The task will be to translate the ideas contained in Acts of Parliament and planners' blueprints in terms of everyday life. So far, a Labour Government has only legislated Socialism: during the next five years the people must begin to live it.

Inevitably, therefore, the two central problems will be industrial democracy and the cost of living. In the first phase of our social revolution, with its vast increase of State ownership and State control, we have accentuated the drift towards a managerial society; and the human gap between the ruler and the ruled, whether in Government or industry, has not been sensibly reduced. All we have done is to change in certain particulars the character of the ruler. In the 1950 programme we must show how this human gap can be bridged by a Socialist New Deal in industrial relations. Whether we consider the expediency of increased productivity per man-hour, or pure Socialist theory, this will be the Labour Party's single most important task in its second term of office.

But how can industrial democracy become the centre of the 1950 programme when so little of it can be achieved by legislation? The answer is that our next programme cannot merely be a monster King's Speech. The period when a Socialist programme consisted of a list of Bills to be passed by Parliament is closed. In the next five years, the function of Parliament will be primarily to watch over the administration of the Socialist plan and concern itself with measures either to amend existing schemes of nationalisation or to remove anomalies in the social services. There will be a vast amount of "tidying-up" to do, including such items as Equal Pay, increased children's allowances, and old age pensions, as well as the overhaul of the Public Corporations. But it will be secondary legislation. In this sense Mr. Morrison is right to speak of consolidation. Compared with the hectic legislative activity since 1945, Parliament may appear to mark time. But the advance to Socialism will continue outside the Palace of Westminster; and this change must be reflected in the programme itself.

This does not, of course, exclude proposals for further extensions of State ownership. One of these should deal with the City of London, where a democratic Government must have much greater power to control the flow of investment. But, apart from this, no further extension of power is required; further nationalisation plans should be designed not so much with the purpose of enlarging the area of State ownership, as in order to improve the efficiency of industry and the relations of management and men. For this purpose the acquisition of particular firms or special sections of an industry—or alternatively the erection of model State-owned factories—is to be preferred to the nationalisation of industries as a whole. The use of State action along these lines will provide an effective sanction against unenlightened managements and at the same time give to free enterprise, where it is really free and really enlightened, that sense of security and of partnership in the Socialist State which is essential to the success of a mixed economy.

The second main theme of the 1950 programme must be the cost of living. For millions of housewives indeed, as Maurice Webb has rightly reminded us, this will be the *only* electoral issue. When Mr. Morrison advises voters to "Ask Dad," Lord Woolton can too easily retort "Ask Mum." What can we tell Mum about the next five years which will convince her that Socialism is her personal affair? In the first place, the programme must contain proposals for cutting both the profit margins and the waste of manpower in the distributive trades, with a view to lowering prices. Sometimes, for instance in coal distribution, this can be done by an extension of nationalisation or alternatively of municipalisation. Is this practicable also in the case of wholesale distribution, or should bulk purchase be applied domestically as well as in overseas buying? These are complex technical problems which demand research. What is certain is that Mum must be offered one piece of Socialism which helps her directly as a consumer.

The second part of our answer to her complaints will be contained in the 1949 and 1950 budgets. Here two things are obvious: (1) that the burden of indirect taxation on the working class, through purchase tax and the beer and tobacco taxes, is far too high; (2) that it cannot be lightened by increasing income tax on earned incomes. The conclusion is inevitable: expenditure must be decreased, and this will involve cuts in the Civil Service. An economy campaign, including a 10 per cent. cut in the Civil Service and drastic reductions in the top salary scales of the new National Boards, would be not only salutary but electorally popular.

But even so, more revenue must be raised if indirect taxation is to be substantially reduced and the food subsidies retained. For this purpose, and also as a further attack on the concentration of capital, income tax on unearned incomes should be still further increased and, most important of all, death duties should be sharply stepped up.

Neither fiscal measures, however, nor the reorganisation of the distributive trades can alter the fact that life is going to be austere for many years ahead. We should be fools as well as knaves if we concealed this in our 1950 programme. We shall not win the next election by vying with Lord Woolton in offering boxes of chocolates to the British people. On the contrary, we should tell them that we are fighting a second Battle of Britain, and that this time the many cannot depend on the few. To achieve independence of America by 1952 and to maintain it after that date, we intend to continue austerity; and we may have to pull in our belts still further in the event of an American recession. The lesson of France and Italy is that austerity in a democratic State is impossible without Socialism. People will not tolerate material sacrifices unless they are sure that a real attack is being made on privilege, and that a social minimum is assured to all before anyone is allowed a larger share. That social minimum, created by food subsidies, rent restrictions, housing policy and social services—and combined with full employment—is the proudest achievement of the first five years of British Socialism.

The programme for 1950 must enlarge this social minimum still further, until equality of opportunity is not a slogan but a reality. If we cannot promise—and we certainly cannot—to improve the material standard of living, we must concentrate on those improvements which do not cost a single dollar. It is here that educational and legal reform find their place in the programme. The Bill now before the House of Commons is a beginning but only a beginning of that State Legal Service which should become one of our declared objectives. So, too, in 1950 we must at last state definitely our Socialist attitude to privileged education. Many Socialists say: "There are no votes in Education." Yet the abolition of educational privilege is at least as important to British Socialism as the State ownership of steel. In our class-conscious society, with its tacit assumption that responsibility belongs by right to a small élite, we cannot achieve industrial democracy unless we make all types of education—including boarding schools—available to children of all classes. Moreover, educational reform, which removed the crushing burden of school fees without destroying the quality and variety of what is at present privileged education, would prove as popular among the middle classes as the State Medical Service.

The programme for 1950, then, will be one of consolidation as regards Legislation. But this must be counterbalanced by a much more rapid advance towards Socialism in everyday life. In the first five years we captured political power and built the institutions of Socialism. In the second five years we must centre the attack on social privilege and end the system under which, even to-day, the good life and the responsibilities which go with it are still the reserve of a very few families. This is the only basis for real industrial democracy; and, in the economic crisis which will face us for many years, it is the only answer to Mum's questions about the cost of living and to Dad's worries about the boss's profits and "jobs for the boys."

IT WASN'T LIKE THIS . . .

A mild summer sunlight flowing over the level Polish landscape. A breadth of quiet, green and brown-red, out of which a small girl, holding the tether of a black cow, looks up from her book, gravely and remotely curious. Nothing has ever happened here, and we go on a fool's errand. We know what is coming, and we prepare our resistances, abetted by the gentle day, with its faint drizzle of mealy light, and the orderly line of the young poplars. We know that it happened here; but we don't want to re-enact in thought a misery that merely affronts our whole sense of human worth. Perhaps if we could truly realise the landscape into which we are entering, we should have no choice but suicide; perhaps even those who had to enter it, torturers and tortured, failed to realise it for the same reason.

I know it all already; why torture myself to no purpose? That has been said a hundred times, and we know what a lie it is, but we cling to it, like the battered remnants of a lost gentility which can only increase humiliation. Like a document of identity that a Displaced Person knows to be useless but cannot relinquish. Token of a lost human status. We don't know. This shrinking is the confession of a fear—the fear of knowing more, of knowing something at last.

And so the car swings into the gateway of what might well be a holiday-resort for convalescents; a yawning quiet. Quiet is the keynote, the inertia against which our thoughts and voices beat, losing their resonance; the world is hollow. Everything here is very clean, but with the carbolic cleanliness that at once suggests the dirt and disease it seeks to banish; and I want to hold my breath as I used to as a boy when passing hospitals. But you can't hold your breath for an hour; for a lifetime. The problem, rather, is how to breathe fully here, to break down the resolve to feel the place as alien, with no relation to normal things. The problem is to set Auschwitz right in the middle of those normal things.

These neat brick buildings were once a Polish barracks to which the Nazis added. Though it had its hell-holes, the place was kept fairly tidy, for International Missions to look through. Now it is a Museum, in which our steps make heavy

brittle echoes. "I was here," said the short, stumpy woman whose eyes had a distracted look, a confusion of focus. She looked round as if recognising nothing. "For three years. . . ."

Endless heaps of old boots, shoes, tooth-brushes, suitcases, crutches. The frugal Nazis wasted nothing. When the Russians came they found ten tons of hair cut from the gassed women. We saw some of it laid out on the tables, women's hair of many colours, which had been intended to stuff German mattresses or make pads for German typewriters. We saw the gas-crystals behind glass; the stone tokens which the doomed ones were given as soap-cakes. And the pictures scrawled by prisoners, pictures of belly-agony, wrenched out of the spirit in a vomit. Drawings by a child, with the red belch of the furnace-chimney over Nordic faces. The table where those "shot while escaping" were laid out as an object-lesson for the work-parties coming in at dusk. The hospital where the phenol injections were given. The trestles where the prisoners were flogged. The rope that tied their hands behind their backs and lifted them up with cracking shoulder-blades. The cells where men were walled up. The cell with a breathing-hole of one square centimetre, where forty to fifty prisoners choked at a time. The smeared Black Wall in the yard, against which prisoners were shot in the back of the head. And scratched on the inside of one door the small figure of a parachutist descending, the obstinate dream of rescue and freedom.

"I was in a cell for months," mutters the woman. "Not one of these. . . ." She turns away.

The gallows, a simple utility-contraption for movable use. The Turkish Bath or small-scale murder-cell, fitted for gassings, with a door leading to the furnaces (nine bodies in ten minutes). But that was all petty stuff beside Birkenau, the extermination-camp proper, a mile or two away, concealed in the meek, smiling landscape, where a hundred thousand prisoners at a time were compressed into 560 huts. Windows open in winter, shut in summer. The rusting railway lines led straight down to the neat concrete building where the gassings and cremations were carried out in a big way. Three thousand in twenty-four hours; five furnaces. The withdrawing Nazis tried to blow the building up, but it was all still there, under the collapsed steel and concrete. We went down the underground way the doomed ones went: into the cloakroom where they were stripped and were given a bit of towel and the stone-soap. The gas-chamber beyond, and the furnaces above. A very compact and efficient construction.

When there were too many for accommodation in the fires, the bodies were laid out in pits in the clearing, not far off, and burned there. We trod the earth that was more than a yard deep with calcined bones and grey ash. From a horrible little ditchpond in the middle, into which the ashes seeped, came bubbles. Not from hell, but from a brood of frogs. On the wooden cross had been hung a wreath of barbed wire. Someone put flowers at its foot and wept. We called to the lean peasant ploughing in the near field, and he came slouching, with his dog. He told us how the Nazis had made their first gas-experiments in his small white shack, now wrecked, about a hundred yards away. He took a cigarette with dignity, and went back to his work.

Back in the women's quarters, we looked at the foul bed-shelves, about two square yards each, that housed from ten to fifteen prisoners. The marks of crushed bugs on the walls. The privy of thirty-holes, to which the women had to go in all weathers, with bare feet. The short, stubby woman tried to tell us what it was like in the mornings with thousands of women trying to get in. She turned away. She points to the few straggling weeds and coarse grasses, and they are suddenly beautiful in her eyes. "There was nothing green then. . . . It wasn't like this." She seems to have found at last something that can make her remember the thing exactly as it was, something that makes us realise. Nothing green. Only mud, spikes of frost, torn metal, and the terrible stink of burning flesh that sank corrosively into everything for miles round when the furnaces were at work. She tries to speak, and gives up. It wasn't like this.

And then, suddenly, for a moment, one does know what it was like. What it was. After all, we cannot expect to live at the heart of such moments, any more than we can expect to stay at the tiptop stretch of a work of art, the moment when all the forms and colours come together and knock a hole in the universe, when the trumpets breast the last lap of a crescendo. To know evil is to enter into it, to become it in some sort; and there is no knowledge of good without knowledge of evil. The realisation of the evil of Birkenau sets one at the core of the moral struggle of our world, in a flash of absolutes.

And this difficult moment is, after all, what one came here to meet. It humiliates one, and yet it releases into a purer air an unspoken vow from which there is no escape. And one feels there is a moral difference between the nations for whom Birkenau or its like is a simple fact, confronted, set aside, unforgotten, and those who have never known or discovered it.

I was told that not a single English or American journalist went to the Cracow trial of the Birkenau and Auschwitz criminals; some official American observers came over from Berlin, looked in for about an hour, and then went off in search of night clubs. Such matters have their significance. (And, as a counter-story, let me cite the way in which, next morning at Cracow, a middle-aged Catholic schoolmistress, certainly without the least Left sympathies in politics, got up at an early inconvenient hour to call and ask us how we had felt at Birkenau—to hear English voices saying they had seen and understood.)

But now, between the two camps, came a flock of sheep, driven by a small boy. He shouted to keep the sheep from straying in through the gate which we had not yet shut.

"It wasn't like this. . . ."

How soon the green comes, and the plough goes over. But the flash of the absolutes remains. Here is the void after the atomic bomb, the burst of unthinkable murder, and nothing will grow here in the heart of man until we go down with an entire humility into this death and earn our resurrection as human beings. Only then will we be fit to claim the name, having faced this absolute value, this horror which must be realised in its full meaning if happiness is to become pure and innocent once more. Then let the green come in all its abundance of charity, and we can forget the burnt bodies under our feet.

JACK LINDSAY

WORLD v. REGIONAL FEDERATION

Do ideas influence events? How often and how vigorously have I heard it asserted; how scarcely less often, denied. Distrusting the word "always" and the word "never," I have ventured to point out what is surely the case—that sometimes they do and sometimes they don't, that between the extremes of maximum and minimum influence there is a sliding scale of infinite graduations, and that the position upon the scale which, at any given period, the influence of ideas occupies is determined largely by the circumstances of the period.

In the nineteenth century the ideas of men of goodwill, ideas which made for peace, justice and international understanding, exerted a considerable influence. Sometimes they changed the course of history, causing events to occur which would not have occurred without them and effecting salutary reforms. Ideas, for example, put an end to slavery and were in large part responsible for the series of enactments which abolished child labour, lessened the hours of work and softened the rigour of the conditions under which work was done. By the end of the first decade of the twentieth century there had accumulated a great fund of ideological goodwill by drawing upon which men of public spirit, encouraged by the victories of the last fifty years, might entertain justifiable hopes of bettering the lot of man. This was the age in which men chiefly believed in man's rationality; they believed, that is to say, that men were reasonable in the sense that if a particular change was manifestly in their interest and if you argued in its support long enough, patiently enough and persuasively enough, explaining its advantages in season and out of season, you could in the end get men to see the point and act accordingly. Truth, in fact, like murder would "out," if it were only given the chance. Now this was the era of peace, expanding capitalism and growing prosperity.

In 1914 this era came to an end and with it the power of human thought to influence events began to diminish. It is instructive to consider from this point of view the varying influence of what may be termed, for short, the peace movement. Prior to 1914 it never occurred to anybody that man's manifest will to, and interest in, peace would not succeed in preventing war. Another war was unthinkable and some of us have never recovered from our surprise when in 1914 the unthinkable occurred.

After 1918 the various peace movements redoubled their propaganda but lost their assurance. The late 'twenties saw a spate of pacifist books, pacifist films, pacifist speeches, beginning with *All Quiet on the Western Front* and culminating in the Oxford Resolution in 1934.

But the effect of this widespread pacifism was, in fact, very small and its advocates, so far from sharing their predecessors' view that war was unthinkable, thought of it with continuous and ever-increasing alarm. In 1948 the ideas of peace and world government are in some ways stronger than ever before; certainly they are more precise and more detailed. Yet how many of us to-day believe that they can avail to stop the steady warward drift of events? They wear for us an academic air, even when we advocate them so hopefully and engage in eager controversy about the respective merits of their different brands.

All this was brought home to me while attending a recent Congress of World Federalists at Luxembourg. Four hundred men and women representing more than twenty different nations, had gathered to discuss the federation of the world. We made speeches, set up commissions, sat on committees, wrote memoranda, drew up reports and prepared declarations. We brought an immense ardour and assiduity to the doing of these things. Yet over all our proceedings there hung an air of unreality.

Take, for example, the controversy, which continuously engaged the attention of the delegates and may yet lead to a split in the movement, between what may be called the movement for federal government direct, and the "indirect" movement through the prior formation of regional federations and, more particularly, through the establishment of a European federation. The ends of the two movements being the same, and the future course of events being unknown, there would not, one would have supposed, been any antagonism between their members' methods of approach. Why could a man not work for both, throwing his maximum weight and energy between either the one method or the other, as events seemed at any given moment to render one or the other more practicable? Heresy hunting is the curse of progressive movements; was there not room within a single movement for us all? So, at least one would have supposed, and so at least many of us argued. But it was not so. Those who believe in world government direct, notably the advocates of the Crusade for World Government, which seeks to set up a world assembly by 1950, have come to regard regional federation not as an assistance, but as an impediment to their plans.

At first sight, indeed, a regional federation for Europe, could it be established, would seem to constitute a definite step on the road to world

peace and world government. The arguments for this view are sufficiently familiar. We can point out, first—and this is the stock argument for all federations—that the establishment of a European federation would preclude the possibility of war throughout the area covered by the federation, for the sufficient reason that none of the member States would possess the armed forces with which to conduct it. We can point out, secondly, with reference to the present situation, that the existence of what is to all intents and purposes a chaos of relatively small States constitutes a constant temptation both to Russia and America to fish in troubled waters, playing off State against State that they may secure vantage points from which to intrigue against and overreach one another. Thus, a weak and disunited Western Europe is a factor making for war. On the other hand, a united Western Europe would be strong enough to mediate between Russia and America, first holding them apart as a buffer to take the strains of existing tensions, and ultimately bringing them together as a bridge. Not less important from the point of view of world government is the fact that the successful establishment of a Western European federation would serve as a model and as an example. Commonsensible men dismiss as an impracticable dream the notion that national sovereignties can be induced to subordinate themselves to some central authority; a Western European federation would demonstrate that the thing can be done on a limited scale and would serve as a challenge and an encouragement to those who are seeking to do the same thing on a world scale. It is on these lines that those who see in European federation not only a thing which is good in itself but a means to a larger good, are accustomed to argue. For my part, I have always found their arguments convincing. Not so, the World Government Crusaders! What is their answer to this reasoning?

What, they ask, has produced in Europe a development which decades of propaganda have failed to achieve? The explanation is fear. It is fear and, more particularly, fear of Russia which is producing concessions which were denied to common sense. Fear has also led the nations of Western Europe to look to larger aggregations of power to give them security. They speak of American guarantees, talk of an Atlantic Union and are prepared sympathetically to consider the case for world government. Fear, in a word, has made Europe world-minded. Now, let us suppose that European union were achieved. Europe would immediately begin to feel stronger and might ultimately achieve military and economic self-sufficiency. There would be a renaissance of European culture; the new feeling of unity and confidence, I have heard it suggested, might even give birth to a European chauvinism. In a word, all those factors which have made Europeans turn to America and seek security in extra-European aggregations of power, have made them in fact world-minded, would now cease to operate. Hence, the achievement of a regional federation, so far from being a step on the road to world government, would be a step away from it. These contentions, as might be supposed, were chiefly urged by the Americans.

I have mentioned this controversy not because I wish to participate in it, but because it serves to throw into relief the sense of unreality which, I felt, overhung all our proceedings. Here were considerations of moment, developed in some cases with great ingenuity and urged with eloquence. And yet one could not avoid the conclusion that circumstances had made them academic. For we knew in our hearts that until the question which hangs over the existing international scene, the question of the relations between Russia and the Western Powers, had been answered, none of the arguments put forward in the world *versus* regional federation controversy matter a row of practical beans, since all plans and proposals under either head are, at the moment, incapable of practical application. Is that a reason for discontinuing the discussion of and propaganda for federalism which is, after all, the one constructive peace proposal of our time? Not at all. We must continue them partly because we can do no other, partly to ensure that if and when the tide of circumstance again flows our way we shall be ready with plans prepared to take it at the flood. We may remember that the League of Nations was the outcome of ideas which were canvassed in the dark days of 1916-1917 when nothing seemed less likely than that they would receive concrete embodiment.

C. E. M. JOAD

SYNTHETIC

OUR visit to the factory was a social one; that was evident from the small samovar, three cups and saucers, a large plate of sweet wafers. And there was an immense dish of cigarettes, Camels, Lucky Strike, Cobras, cigars, matches. I was pleased to see the samovar: it meant tea instead of the ubiquitous *verre*. Louis greeted us extravagantly, and it seemed not to matter that we had taken him away from his work in the middle of the afternoon. Although only twenty-three, he had a well-fed, middle-aged figure; his suit buttons, I thought, must stand a lot. His plump face was laughing, his eyes bright behind polished spectacles. I looked round the room, a sombre Flemish interior of carved coffers and studded leather chairs. On the wall were two portraits: the honest bourgeois faces of Louis' grandfather, who founded the business, and his grandmother.

While Louis talked I wandered round the room, and for no reason at all tapped the dark panelling. It gave back a faint metallic sound. "Oh, those are cement squares," said Louis, and indeed they were. The samovar bubbled gently and Louis ministered to it. "I sometimes live here because my house is in the country, but I haven't many things," and he looked about for a tray. Finally he stood on tiptoe on a chair and clutched a pewter plate from the shelf over the panelling. Even the samovar deceived: it spouted coffee instead of tea.

Louis ate wafers—of different shapes but the texture and flavour of cotton-wool. He showed me the box; they were Swedish, and I thought it a pity that in Brussels we were not eating Belgian patisserie. But Louis ate them with childish greed, and embarked on a derisive account of his wife's behaviour on an air trip from Paris. He married her two years ago for the sake of propriety, and I thought she must be a colourless, timid person, since he spoke of her with such contempt. How can anyone so ebullient be so unkind? For making him marry her, she will pay with a lifetime of humiliation.

When the coffee was finished, Louis wheeled up a small antique chest which turned out to be a cocktail cabinet. He displayed it with pride and offered us cognac, vermouth, gin. With the gin we drank canned pineapple juice from America.

Presently we went downstairs to the factory, where Louis makes millions of francs a year from the manufacture of plastic lampshades. First the raw material, barrels of crudely coloured chips and crystals looking like—my memory groped—bath salts. Then we came to the stacked halves of shades, lemon-yellow, pink, even green and blue. Their shape was plain, but there was simply nothing else to be said for or about them. Louis showed us how the two halves are joined. "You dip them in benzine like this and screw them together, and they never come apart." We passed on to the candelabra, elaborate bronze and copper centre-pieces supporting six lamps. But they were not bronze or copper, but plastic again, and the detail smudged and the design vulgar. We saw a finished one which had six plastic lozenges on each of which blossomed an identical yellow rose. They were horrible and even Louis disparaged them.

Finally, in our tour, we came to the packing room where the candelabra are carefully wrapped. There were hundreds of them, large brown-paper spiders about to scuttle into so many middle-class homes, where they will hang as symbols of the brief glory of Belgium's post-war boom. Louis did not offer us a lampshade and for this we were grateful. But in his office he fished out a handful of white pocket combs. He struck one, like a tuning fork, on the edge of his desk and listened. "Polystyrene," he announced complacently, and the word, obscure, technical, ugly, seemed to describe with appalling brevity the whole of our synthetic civilisation.

ELIZABETH HUGHES

The Arts and Entertainment

THE MOVIES

"The Time of Your Life," at the London Pavilion
"T-Men," at the New Gallery and the Tivoli

The purpose of Mr. Hitchcock's *Rope* was a fine-drawn claustrophobia that seems to have bored some as much as it uncomfortably delighted others. On one point, however, all who see it would agree: it inhibits the moving picture in a way that won't, we hope, be repeated too often. We have never—thank heaven—associated cinema-going with the sensation of being stuck for eighty minutes in a lift or a tube train. A fantastic freedom determines its scope, and if one had known beforehand, for example, that the whole action in *The Time of Your Life* was to be restricted to a San Francisco bar room, the opening shot pushing its way in through the swing doors would have filled us with dismay.

This bar (since it owes its existence to Mr. William Saroyan) is something more than a bar; or rather the people who spend all day there are something more than barflies: bar butterflies and moths perhaps. Very pretty and amusing and rare they can be, too, at times, these creatures of the Saroyan sunshine. There is the pin-table maniac, who after days of struggle reaches the undreamt-of goal with flashing bulbs and live catherine wheels. A cowboyish hobo will reel out any tall stories at the price of a glass of beer: James Barton, endearingly funny. A Negro comes in, asks for a job, collapses, is given a meal, and then strokes the piano as it is only stroked in the best night-clubs. A frenzied youth is always rushing to the telephone to try to get through to his girl. A tap-dancer transmits brainwaves through his toes. The bartender (William Bendix) fatalistically picks a loser to put fifty cents on. Others come and go: an acrobatic drunk, a bullying nark, a dank moustache whose only occupation is, for one minute, to harbour a mouth-organ.

And, of course, there's the tart with the heart of gold (Jeanne Cagney) who will fall in love and marry happily. And in the corner there's Mr. Saroyan—no, I'm sorry, Mr. James Cagney—quaffing champagne, doing the Cheeryble, solving all life's problems, and sending out a henchman for bales of toys or chewing gum. His the cash that settles the hash and redeems the trash among those who spin out their days on the San Francisco water-front. The whole thing is meant to be idyllic and touching and funny, as though *The Cherry Orchard* had been re-written by the author of *Peter Pan*. It is a good deal better than it sounds. In fact, whimsies and rose-pink melodramatic lapses notwithstanding, I found this a diverting film. One can forgive almost anything for a touch of imaginitive playfulness, and this Mr. Saroyan has.

The "T-Men" at the New Gallery and the Tivoli are Treasury men: those who do battle with counterfeiters, while unmasking tax-evaders and dope-peddlers by the way. Theirs seems to be a job equivalent in peace-time to that of the Commandos: of the two heroes in this film (Dennis O'Keefe and Alfred Ryder) one is shot dead and the other is lucky to wake up in hospital wrapped with bandages. The history of their exploits begins on a convincing documentary note, and if later the gorillas, the blonde executive and the mysterious boss seem to derive more from the novelist's drawer than the official file, *T-Men* is still a taut exciting piece. A second feature in the same programme, *The Noose Hangs High*,

explores a minor branch of gangsterdom (New York's bookies) in the company of Abbott and Costello. Bookies apparently will kidnap; and carry guns, but hesitate to use them. Every imaginable comic situation is resorted to, from that of kidnapping to window-cleaning on the fortieth floor and having one's teeth pulled by an unfledged dentist; and one of this pair of comedians can be funny, which is something. He enjoys an exquisite moment when, propelled up through the ceiling in the dentist's chair, his head lies at the feet of a psychiatrist who is explaining to a patient the dangers of paranoia.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

THE production in the Third Programme of the *Prometheus Bound* of Aeschylus in Mr. Rex Warner's translation was an altogether memorable occasion. For myself, who have no Greek, the literary artifice and the associations prompted by the verse of most English versions of Greek tragedy obscure the original much as the discoloration caused by time obscures the paintings of the old masters; listening to Mr. Warner's translation was an experience like that felt on seeing the cleaned pictures in the National Gallery: I had the sense of seeing for the first time. The clarity of Mr. Warner's direct, unadorned speech made his version perfect for broadcasting; there was no veil of extraneous prettiness to mist the moral grandeur of the story. For the play, whether on the stage or in the studio, relies almost entirely on its moral grandeur; of action in the ordinary sense there is none; the drama is essentially static. Hence, it seems to me, it is more likely to be successful when produced on the air than in the theatre; gods and titans are much more convincing when they speak as disembodied voices than when they are plainly the ladies and gentlemen we saw in Shakespeare last week and shall in all probability see next on the screen at the local Odeon. Miss Mary Hope Allen, the producer, took full advantage of her medium. I do not remember ever having heard Mr. Stephen Murray's noble voice used more effectively or to better purpose than in his Prometheus; it roared its defiance like an elemental force. Nor do I remember having heard a better balance of voices on the air, and the acting throughout was worthy of the great lines that the actors had to speak. The success of the production, of course, whets the appetite for more Greek tragedy in new renderings, especially since there seems to be, here and in America, something of a renascence in the translation of classical drama. Meanwhile, I look forward with great interest to what Miss Allen will make of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*.

The week's broadcasting also included some more than usually good feature-programmes. Mr. Sean O'Faolin's *Return Journey*, to Cork, was one of the best programmes I have heard in this always interesting series. In the latest programme in the *Technique* series, on ballet, Mr. Baker-Smith at last gave us something that did justice to the excellence of the initial idea. Having dropped the maddening stooge who haunted the programmes of television and the film, he allowed Mr. Michael Hordern to ask the experts sensible questions in a sensible way, with thoroughly satisfying results. But the feature which gave me most pleasure was *Mutiny at Spithead*, from West Region. I hope that it will be broadcast in the basic Home Service. Its authors, H. J. and Aileen Mills, are new names to me. They tackled a big subject, the naval mutiny of 1797, with the utmost assurance; they managed very successfully to infuse their documentary story with a dramatic tension which was never allowed to flag; and the vigour of the writing was a delight to hear. Mr. Brandon Acton-Bond's production was first-rate; he has that rarest quality of radio producers, the ability to handle crowd scenes convincingly. Altogether, it was a most stimulating programme, marred only, as Regional productions tend to be, by uneven acting, for while some of the cast were excellent, notably the actors who played Lord Howes and Michael Joyce, others were less adequate to their parts. But the lack of a large enough reservoir of competent local actors to draw upon is one of the difficulties with which all regional producers must contend.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE THEATRE

"Slings and Arrows," at the Comedy
"What Goes On," at the Players

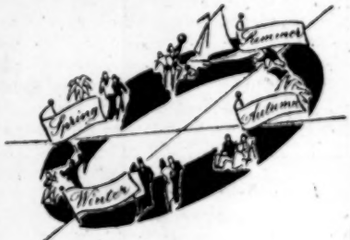
Miss Hermione Gingold has, I notice, been getting a wigging from some of my colleagues for her new revue *Slings and Arrows*. Parochialism! and Parish-Pumpery! they exclaim. Why does she imagine that everyone is interested in the tittle-tattle of Shaftesbury Avenue? But surely she has every reason to think so, seeing that she has filled the Ambassador's for years with just this recipe. My own complaint against *Slings and Arrows* is not that there is too much Essence of Gingold but that there is too little. Everything that exhales her particular scent is excellent. Two of her solo turns are among the most dazzling she has given us; Mr. Crisham has always seemed to me her best partner; Gretchen Franklin, with her terra-cotta bust and Diana Maddox with her Rank-refined accent are good satire; and there is a quite brilliant parody of the recent *Medea*, the best possible criticism of an unfortunate production. But there is far too much ordinary routine revue stuff. Though quite prettily dressed and adequately put over, this is, in fact, just the sort of thing that, if it appeared in any other show, would make Miss Gingold rub her hands in preparation for guying it right off the stage.

The trouble comes, I think, from moving to a larger theatre with a stage that has to be filled up. For the truth is Miss Gingold is not a revue artist at all, she is a cabaret star of the very first order; and Cabaret, unfortunately, has been for many years one of the casualties of our old-maidish licensing laws. Before the war, in any other capital but ours, among the several satirical night clubs, Miss Gingold's would have been renowned for its burlesque of the stage milieu. For stage gossip is her proper soil and it is from this soil that she proliferates into her other seedy humours. She is, indeed, the archetypal Theatre Gossip. Stage people, in novels and in legend, are often represented as simple types with golden hearts, holding out to each other generous impulsive helping hands. And this is doubtless true of them. But there is another side. They are non-stop rattles, and, like all good gossip, theirs is laced with malice, envy and all uncharitableness. To watch Miss Gingold's tongue roll round a familiar name and then quietly drop it off with all the mud sticking on is to watch art raising a foible to the stature of a Humour. In its own line it is perfection; and if you don't like the line, you can always stay away. But the closer she keeps to cabaret and the further she removes from revue the better she is.

The Players Theatre have come as near to cabaret as our native puritanism and contemporary conditions permit. The decor of their theatre cannot yet blossom into glamour, and its long raking shape doesn't make for intimacy. But they start late (at the wicked hour of nine!) and they provide tables and—English Delight!—beer and sandwiches and cups of coffee. There are plenty of bright ideas in *What Goes On*, the current revue by Ronnie Hill and Peter Dion Titheridge, even if they lack the last finish in the writing and putting over. Unlike *Slings and Arrows* which makes the great mistake of falling away towards the end, here the second half is the best. Its opening number, which depicts Directed Fun for the 1951 Exhibition, is the kind of witty ensemble which the other revue lacks; and among other diverting turns I particularly enjoyed Miss Joan Sterndale Bennett panting back to Greece with the Olympic Torch: Mr. Peter Hawkins's spiv dishing out from the dock a psycho-analytic apologia for his juvenile delinquencies; Miss Eleanor Summerfield, charmingly sentimental as she swings on a gate, and Mr. Ian Carmichael's wicked attempt to remember Momma *à la Glass Menagerie*.

T. C. WORSLEY

Season at Bournemouth



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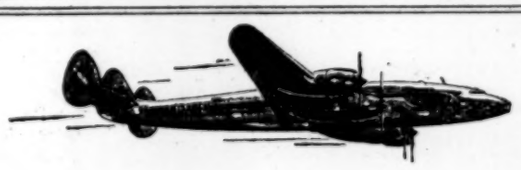

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Correspondence

SOCIALIST STOCKTAKING

SIR,—The consciences of many Socialists are uneasy. They see British troops suppressing the Malayan people; they see British economy more and more subservient to Wall Street; they see the terrible shadow of another war; they see their own standards of living falling while profits increase. They think that this is not the path to Socialism which Strachey and Attlee in the outmoded thirties pointed out to them. It becomes necessary to soothe their consciences.

So your contributor takes it upon himself to provide healing. According to him the old theories of class war are outmoded; we are faced with a new situation today. Marx was right in 1848; Marxism-Leninism can still be applied to the colonies, to the Middle East, to Asia, anywhere except England in 1948; and Marx himself would be the first to recognise this. (Alas! Never the time and place and the loved one all together!) A new state of affairs, a state of class peace, has (according to your contributor) arisen: classes, indeed, have no valid existence, but have been replaced by "rival pressure groups."

Now, the idea of social peace which your contributor puts forward as something new, something which has arisen since the last war, is in fact an idea which has been put forward for at least 100 years by those whom Marx, in his characteristically biased manner, described as "lackeys' lackeys." In 1913, Lenin wrote an article called the "Historical Fate of the Teachings of Karl Marx" in which he dealt with those who, because of the triumph of Marx's ideas, attempt to "reclothe themselves as Marxists." Then also there was the theory of "social peace," the social peace, not of the Marshall Plan, but of a "powder barrel." And, said Lenin, "Anybody who, after the experience of Europe and Asia talks about *non*-class politics, or *non*-class Socialism, should simply be put in a cage and exhibited, along with some Australian kangaroos."

But, according to the writer of these articles, not only is the conception of the class war old-fashioned; not only must the Labour Party seek to embrace all and satisfy all; but the economic theories of the 30's are outmoded too. Strachey's books *Why You are a Socialist* and the *Coming Struggle for Power* helped to train a whole generation towards Socialism. Your contributor, however, assumes that under the benign wing of the Marshall Plan, boom and slump are gone for ever: no one is exploited any more, the "compulsory enlightenment of the capitalists" is substituted for the struggle for power. Labour has won everything, has all the power it needs.

These theories would be laughable if it were not for the danger that they will confuse and demoralise the Labour movement. What in fact is the situation in Britain today? Have classes indeed disappeared? What in fact is the essence of classes? Not that they hold "economic power" in an unspecified way, but that one group of people *exploits* another group—lives by their labour. In Britain today, in spite of nationalisation, it continues to be true that a parasitic class of shareholders lives on the labour of the workers. Moreover, the Boards controlling the nationalised industries are controlled largely by the same people who controlled those industries under private ownership. Their ideology is that of the capitalist ruling class, and they serve its interests faithfully. The pretence that there is a separate "class" of managers with their own interests and their own ideology is shown up as a farce if the simple question is asked: "From whom do the managers derive their authority?" They are no more, as your contributor admits, than executors.

But, surely, it may be argued, the miners and the engineers, the skilled workers and the unskilled, have the real power today because they are essential for the survival of national economy, and because a Labour Government is in power? Of course, the workers are the most powerful class *potentially*—provided that one essential condition is granted—that they realise their power, and that they and their leaders fight for Socialist policies. This is scarcely the position today, when Labour leaders have the outlook of Cripps ("From my experience there are not as yet a very large number of workers in Britain capable of taking over large enterprises"), when the appointment of former owners to controlling positions in nationalised industries is justified on the grounds of efficiency, and the workers are denied a controlling influence on the grounds that this would be "political." In fact all these theories are put forward at a time when the position of the working class is deteriorating, when the capitalist class is engaged in an offensive against the living standards of the British people. In this offensive it has as its willing servants Cripps and his claque. There is no need for the capitalists—except for a little shadow boxing—to oppose the Labour Government, because Right-wing Labour leaders soil their hands with work that Woolton could not do better. *This* is the explanation of the "collapse" of the opposition of the capitalist class which your contributor notes, the "correctness" of their opposition in Parliament.

Yes, this is the "harsh" voice of Marxism; and history has a harsh voice, too. There is an alternative before Labour—Socialism, with production for use and not for profit, with democracy in the factory, the State, and the school; or, on the other hand, "a minimum standard of life," "a modified profit yardstick," "freedom of the market," "the voluntary discipline" of the members of the T.U.C. and the F.B.I. We remember the fate of the young lady of Riga.

STELLA CLAYDON

39 Criffel Ave., S.W.2.

SIR,—It is encouraging to see from the fourth article of your series on "Socialist Stocktaking" that Socialist circles are becoming conscious of the need to judge proposals for nationalisation by reference to criteria concerning the general welfare of the community.

In this fourth article Life Assurance is quoted by your contributor as an example of an industry "where nationalisation would bring immediate savings in overheads and provide a useful revenue to the State." Without any information about the form of organisation contemplated for the Life Assurance industry, it is difficult to judge the assertion about overheads, but it is certain that without an efficient sales and premium collection service the Life Assurance industry would fade and die away. It is the provision of an efficient sales and collection service, with reasonable pay packets for the employees, which constitutes the overwhelming proportion of the expenses of Life Assurance business. At any rate Civil Service methods would be unlikely to do this work as efficiently and economically as our nation-wide Insurance Offices.

The reference to a "useful revenue to the State" must be read in conjunction with your contributor's final remarks about what the nationalisation of Life Assurance would achieve. It would put the yearly increase in the policyholders' funds in the hands of the State to permit "the Government to be master in its own house" instead of being invested in the policyholders' interests. This first objective in "an attack on the independence of the City . . . would symbolise for the man in the street that the struggle is . . . between the many and the few." The "many" are the millions of policyholders, and they are vitally interested not only in getting their contractual claims paid but also in their share of the profits of the various Life Offices.

Whether the State could produce a useful revenue for itself over and above the necessary provision for the growing obligations to pay claims may be doubted. The relative failure of the National Savings Movement with its uneconomic 3% per annum free of income tax on Savings Certificates and 2½% per annum at call on Post Office deposits is not a very encouraging sign.

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Without a clear statement of what is meant by nationalisation of Life Assurance, of what it is hoped to achieve for the policyholders, present and future, and for the community generally, and of what form the nationalised organisation and its services would take, it is difficult to judge what your correspondent really has in mind. British Life Assurance is an acknowledged model to the rest of the world, and I pray that the Labour Party will not lightly endanger this national asset by adopting uninformed proposals for its nationalisation without first counting the cost.

House of Commons. OLIVER POOLE

C.P. TACTICS IN FRANCE

SIR,—The Scottish miners, who recently voted money for the French miners on strike, obeyed an impulse of working class solidarity and of common humanity. But they might be well advised to inquire exactly where their money goes. The French trade union journal, *La Révolution Proletarienne*, prints an article by Emile Menu, a miner in the Pas de Calais region, which calculates that the subscriptions received by November 3rd would have amounted (if divided out equally) to 850 francs per miner. But in fact the miners had received, "and not all of them," 100 francs each. "Where is the money going?" asks Menu. "On the arrest of a miner's delegate, he admitted that he had received 26,000 francs. That is to say, with the money that belongs to all of us, the Communist C.G.T. is paying its shock troops and its terrorists."

Menu, like all the contributors to that journal, is an old-fashioned Syndicalist revolutionary, who is shocked, not by the violence of the Stalinists, but by their dishonesty towards their working class supporters. He argues that the moment when it became clear that the strike was not an honest strike but a manœuvre of Russian imperialism (his words) was when the C.G.T. committee called out the safety men. This would prevent the miners, in many areas, from getting work again for months or even years; but it might also wreck the recovery of France "as part of the Marshall Plan." He was particularly shocked—naively, it may be—by the tactics of the President of the Union:

> M. Lecoeur, Communist M.P., president of the Miners' Union (with a record of 593 days actual employment as a miner) toured the coalfield in a car whose number plate had been covered over, and told the pickets that if the soldiers came they should be allowed to enter without resistance, but that if workers tried to go back they could do them in. This was said in front of witnesses.

There is another statement in this astonishing article which is worth noting. It deals with the resumption of work in the northern coalfields after the entry of the troops:

> What may appear paradoxical is that the C.G.T. men, the Communists, the strike leaders were the first to present themselves at work after the troops occupied the pits. When the rest of our comrades came, they were turned away by the mine manager, as he could not take on at once the full amount of the previous labour force.

That is to say, the strike was a military manœuvre. When it failed, the important thing was to see that the pits were occupied first of all by the reliable troops. ENGLISH OBSERVER

DEVELOPMENT CHARGES

SIR,—There are several reasons for the fact, to which "Critic" alludes, that only a few of the potential claimants for loss of "development value" have as yet sent in their claims, but there seems less reason for Sir Trustram Eve's disgust at this.

First, the right to claim lies with the layman and he has been warned by Sir Trustram against those who seek him out to advise him. The Act is admittedly of bewildering complexity even to those few surveyors remaining in private practice who have had the time thoroughly to absorb it. Thus it is small wonder that many owners who are justified in claiming are still unaware of the fact or unable to decide what steps to take.

More often than not the people who ought to claim are not already clients of surveyors for the very reason that gives rise to the claim, namely that the development value is latent. Surveyors are not allowed to approach them to point this out, even where their knowledge of the property would enable them to do so. There is, therefore, still a distressing ignorance on the subject.

Secondly, the technical process involved is a quite complex one. The forms, though admirably set out, are frightening to many would be claimants, and to fill them up usually requires a conference between surveyor and client even before the question of valuation is considered.

Thirdly, there seems to be nothing to be gained by haste and much to be lost since it must be difficult and may prove impossible to retract an incorrect valuation. For example, the authorised conception that the "restricted value" may be a negative quantity gives rise in some cases to the curious phenomenon of a loss of development value in excess of the total unrestricted value.

Fourthly, there is public apathy because there is scepticism as to the worth of a claim. It is generally felt that the global sum will be quite inadequate and it has been publicly stated and indeed reiterated that claimants have no real right and are merely being invited to apply for a share of a sum which is to be distributed ex gratia in cases of hardship. How the balance of hardship is to be assessed is less than clear.

The view is held in certain high quarters that the dividend is not likely to be more than 1s. in the £ on claims. I do not share this view myself; I think that if the Central Land Board agrees with a claimant that he has genuinely suffered a certain loss of value by the passing of the Act, then the Treasury can do no less than make a scheme to pay him in full; but it is not to be wondered at if the general public is not so sanguine.

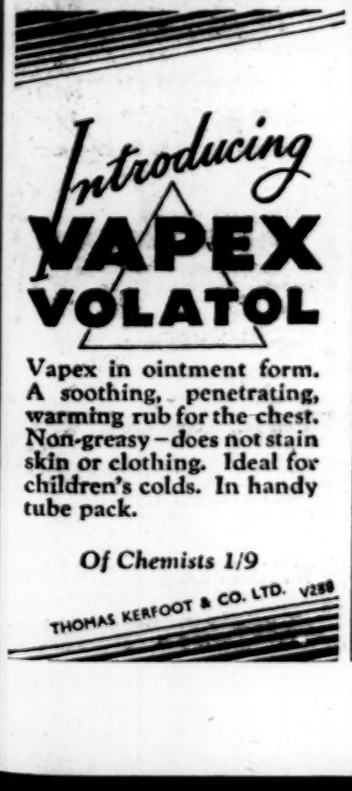
As to buyers paying more than the "agricultural" value for restricted land, this also was to be expected. The development charge is a tax; is there really any case of a tax which is not passed on directly or indirectly to the consumer? Indeed, who else can pay it?

Finally, "Critic" fears that the result "may be a regrettable inflation of land values—quite contrary to Mr. Silkin's intentions." There are many genuinely good intentions behind this Act which, to the sincere regret of many, if not most landed practitioners, the Act will fail to fulfil—because it is wrongly drafted. It is not even, as Mr. Dalton suggested in the House of Commons on January 30, 1947, a case of "moving towards the nationalisation of land and not by slow steps." This Act is a fast side-step; for it does not secure to the community rises in land value—it only permits the taxation of development—and it does not transfer ownership. "Mr. Strauss's cogent answer" to those who advocated public control without ownership in the case of steel, as you note in your comments, "is that control, without ownership, is a purely negative instrument, it can be used to stop things, but not to get them done."

18 Ironmonger Lane, E.C.2 BRYAN ANSTEY

THE STRANGE CASE OF MISS SHERWOOD

SIR,—Under this heading you published last July a rather lengthy comment by Mr. Romilly on the case of the N.S.P.C.C. *versus* Miss Sherwood heard at the Hertford Quarter Sessions. Miss Sherwood, the owner-matron of a small home for mentally defective children, was accused by the Society of the wilful neglect of one of the children in her care. She was convicted and sentenced to one day's imprisonment. I am disturbed that no comment has been made in THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION on the quashing of this verdict by the Court of Appeal. At the time of publication I refrained from asking you to publish a letter criticising the conclusions of Mr. Romilly's article because I knew that an appeal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would be made. I now ask you to do so, both in vindication of an individual named in the article and as a matter of public interest.

Mr. Romilly based his comment on the fact of neglect, although he commented on the conflict of evidence. He concluded that the risks taken by parents in sending their children to small Homes of this kind, which must lack the discipline of a large institution, were too great to be proper, and concluded with a sad reflection that it was impossible for society to make use of the vocation of such an independent as Miss Sherwood. This comment was, even at the time it was made, misleading. The Chairman of the Quarter Sessions made it clear in his summing up that he considered Miss Sherwood innocent; he later informed the appeal judge that he intended his summing up as a direction to acquit. Evidence was given for the defence by the greatest authority on mental defects in this country, and the author of the standard textbook on the subject, that the child's emaciation, which was the occasion of his removal from the Home, was the result of his congenital defects. Neither the doctors nor the N.S.P.C.C. inspector, who were witnesses for the prosecution that the child was suffering from malnutrition presumed due to underfeeding, had had any experience of mentally defective children. Abundant evidence was offered of good character, devotion to her chosen work, lack of any large profit incentive, and generous feeding of the children. Miss Sherwood's own doctor, an active member of his local hospital staff, had visited the child a few days before his removal from the Home, had not advised removal to hospital, and stated in the court that if any blame attached, he accepted full responsibility.

All this evidence was available to the N.S.P.C.C., who were invited to take, and neglected to take, advantage of it before going on with the prosecution. The Court costs to Miss Sherwood amounted to several hundred pounds: she was advised by her Counsel not to ask for costs, since it is apparently "not done" to demand costs from a charitable Society. So far as I know, no letter of apology or offer to share these costs has been received by her from the N.S.P.C.C.

That Miss Sherwood's innocence should be established and published is the first matter of public interest. The disposal of imbecile children is another. If Mr. Romilly informed himself of the general position, he failed to convey his information to his readers. Roughly one child in ten is "mentally retarded," i.e., has an intelligence estimated at less than 90 per cent of the *average*. Of these, about a fifth have only 50 per cent or less of the average intelligence, are rated as "ineducable" and legally classed as imbecile or idiot. There are places for perhaps half of these children in public institutions: all have long waiting lists for admission. It is rarely practicable, and never advisable, for such children to be left in their own homes; the reasons are obvious—healthy children suffer neglect, and parents are physically, emotionally and economically strained, sometimes to breaking point. Many have been, and not a few still are, cared for in public assistance institutions, where they receive at best good physical care, and have perhaps some kindly contacts among the staff, but lack all facilities for training.

It would no doubt be best that all these children should be offered the care of the best kind of large institution for defectives, or special schools. It will, on the most optimistic estimate, be ten years before this is available for them all. Meantime, and for parents who can afford it, there are a few small Homes where cases of low grade mental defect can be sent. Miss Sherwood's home is one.

DUNCAN LEYS, M.D., F.R.C.P.

NATIONAL LEGAL SERVICE

SIR,—May I suggest to those now preparing Labour's election policy that they consider including a National Legal Service?

Such a reform is long overdue. In its essentials, our present legal system has not changed much from the time of Cromwell, who wrote "The law, as it is now constituted, serves only to maintain the lawyers and to encourage the rich to oppress the poor."

The exorbitant scale of charges and high legal costs greatly handicap a litigant of moderate means in his pursuit of justice. Even the legal charges involved in buying a house are enough to deter all but the rich.

If Doctors can be induced to serve the nation, why should not the lawyers be brought to do the same, instead of as at present battening on the troubles and miseries of individuals, hopelessly bewildered by our intricate legal system?

At the same time as the introduction of a Legal Service, there should be other reforms including the re-codification of the laws, particularly those in relation to property, a revision and simplification of civil and criminal procedure, the abolition of lay magistrates, and more democratic control over the police courts.

LESTER HUTCHINSON

House of Commons.

FASHION ENGLISH

SIR,—Miss Laski's delicious and devastating prolegomenon to a full study of copy-writer's idiom omits one characteristic mannerism which I hope she will deal with later. I refer to The Great Double-Barrelled Simile-Adjective. These examples from my own collection will recall this usage to students: *fondant-sweet*, *April-fresh* and *thermometer-slim*.

16 Bedford Gardens, JOHN CARTER
London, W.8.

MICE IN TREACLE

SIR,—I should like to confirm the opinion of Austin Lee that the mice referred to by Allan M. Laing must be a sort of pickle or conserve, and not only have I seen them displayed in Chinese delicatessen shops, but I have also known a bottled variety which was purveyed by a well-known Chinese grocery store (run on American lines) in one of the main shopping thoroughfares of Pekin.

In respect, however, of the method in which these preserved mice are eaten, I must differ from Austin Lee, and I put it down to the innate courtesy of the Chinese that no other guest at the Chefoo banquet remarked the fact that that part of the mouse which Austin Lee discarded is invariably considered to be the most succulent part. The backbone and tail absorb to an extraordinary degree the delicate flavour of the preserving spirit, and bear in relation to the rest of the body a sweetness and crispness not unanalogous to the relationship existing between the hearts of lettuce or celery and their tough outer covering of fibrous leaves. The texture of the backbone is not dissimilar from that of the bones found in tinned salmon, though infinitely less coarse.

DEREK LINDSAY

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that newly-born mice were considered a great delicacy in rural areas of Suffolk sixty years ago. My father distinctly remembers a man who consumed them like oysters. I have seen garden snails consumed as recently as 20 years ago. These are known as "Hodmedods."

C. JOYCE BLAKE

SIR,—I was interested in Allan Laing's letter concerning "Mice in Treacle," but he does not mention the British in relation to this delicacy.

I have had personal knowledge of boiled mice being given by a mother to her children, in Liverpool, as a cure for Enuresis.

H. PLATT

A NEW OXFORD ANTHOLOGY

SIR,—I am editing an anthology of poetry written by members of the University of Oxford who were up between Michaelmas Term, 1946, and Trinity Term, 1948. This is to be published by the Fortune Press next spring, and I shall be pleased to receive contributions at the address below.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

REVOLUTION is for society what a passionate love is for the individual; those who experience it are marked forever, separated from their own past and from the rest of mankind. Some writers have captured the ecstasy of love; hardly any have rekindled the soul-purging fires of revolution. The writer of genius lives, for the most part, in a private world; it is not surprising that he deals usually with private passions. There have been some good observers of revolution—the best of them, I would guess, John Reed. Still, they observe from outside; it is like reading about the love-affair of the man next door. Two writers of the highest eminence, Lamartine and Trotsky, played the leading part in a revolution and created works of surpassing literary merit, but though their books tell us much about Lamartine and Trotsky, they do not tell us what revolution is like. The more brilliantly they write, the more the truth eludes them. For revolution calls in question the foundations of social life; it can be grasped only by one who has experienced it and yet possesses the detachment of a political psychologist.

Alexis de Tocqueville was this unique man; and his *Recollections of 1848* is the best book about a revolution ever written by a contemporary. Yet even Tocqueville was overwhelmed by his experience. This book is not a finished work, a complete work of art like his two masterpieces, *Democracy in America* and *The* Ancien Régime *and the Revolution*. He wrote to instruct himself, not to persuade the public. Usually he reined in his brilliance; here, writing only for himself, he was not ashamed to be clever. The *Recollections* were only published thirty years after his death and then only with many omissions, where his pen still seemed too sharp or—more occasionally—where his political judgment ran counter to the illusions of the Third Republic. The complete text was first published in France in 1942; and Mr. Mayer has improved on this edition in his translation by marking clearly the new passages.

Alexis de Tocqueville was a liberal aristocrat: he understood both the world that was dying and the world that was coming. As a historian in politics, he both observed events and tried to shape them. Liberty was his passion; and his life was dominated by the question—how can liberty survive the fall of traditional institutions and of traditional morality? Louis Philippe and the men of the *bourgeois* monarchy thought that society could exist without belief: they pinned their faith to legality and supposed that nothing could happen so long as they observed the terms of the Charter. "They resembled the man who refused to believe that his house was on fire, because he had the key to it in his pocket." The Opposition was in no better case; they evoked the spectre of revolution without ever fearing that it would become a reality. Their sole motive was "a taste for holding office and a desire to live on the public money." Tocqueville describes this as "the secret malady which has undermined all former [French] governments and which will undermine all governments to come." Tocqueville was alone in his doubts. A few weeks before the revolution he asked—how can you expect men to respect private property when all other beliefs and privileges have lost their force? The French revolution of 1848 posed "the social question"; it is still without an answer.

Earlier revolutions had been the work of the middle classes; the masses had been merely cannon-fodder. In 1848 the masses acted independently, without leaders and without a programme. This was symbolised on the morning of February 24, when Tocqueville passed along the deserted boulevard:

> There was hardly a soul to be seen, although it was nearly nine o'clock; but . . . the great trees along the curb came tumbling down into the roadway as though of their own accord. These acts of destruction were the work of isolated individuals, who went about their business silently, regularly, and hurriedly, preparing in this way the materials for the barricades which others were to erect.

The political events of February 24 had no connection with this elemental force; they merely echoed the sentiments of previous revolutions—the love-affair expressed the nostalgic regrets of a middle-aged man.

> Men were fruitlessly endeavouring to warm themselves at the fire of our fathers' passions, imitating their gestures and attitudes as they had seen them represented on the stage, but unable to imitate their enthusiasm or to be inflamed with their fury . . . Although I clearly saw that the catastrophe of the piece would be a terrible one, I was never able to take the actors very seriously, and the whole seemed to me like a bad tragedy performed by provincial actors.

The leaders did not know what to do with the revolution for which they had become responsible: "in a rebellion, as in a novel, the most difficult part to invent is the end." The only novelty was universal suffrage; this "shook the country from top to bottom without bringing to light a single new man worthy of coming to the front."

Universal suffrage revealed an aspect of the social question which had never occurred to the revolutionaries. "In establishing universal suffrage they thought they were summoning the people to the assistance of the Revolution; they were only giving them arms against it." Alexis de Tocqueville was almost the first to realise that once the peasants acquired their land free of landlords and feudal dues they would become the most conservative of all classes. This was not grasped by Marx or by later Marxists, who went on treating "workers and peasants" as a revolutionary combination until the events of 1932 in the Ukraine and the present political situation in eastern Europe revealed that the conflict between town workers and peasants is the most ghastly as it is the most fierce of all civil wars. In 1848 the revolutionaries, faced with a conservative National Assembly, were at a loss how to proceed. They did not attempt to conquer the countryside, or even to seduce it; they supposed that it would be enough to stage a new revolution in Paris. The last of the romantic revolutions occurred on May 15; its only programme was war for the liberation of Poland. It was then that Tocqueville set eyes on the most persistent of revolutionaries:

> He had wan, emaciated cheeks, white lips, a sickly, wicked and repulsive expression, a dirty pallor, the appearance of a mouldy corpse; he wore no visible linen; an old black frock-coat tightly covered his lean, withered limbs; he seemed to have passed his life in a sewer and to have just left it. I was told it was Blanqui.

May 15 brought all the known revolutionaries to prison; and their absence completed the terrible impact of the June days:

> the most extensive and the most singular insurrection that has occurred in our history and perhaps in any other . . . The insurgents fought without a war-cry, without leaders, without flags, and yet with a marvellous harmony and an amount of military experience that astonished the oldest officers . . . It was not a political struggle, but a struggle of class against class, a sort of Servile War . . . the revolt of one whole section of the population against another.

The proletariat had appeared on the stage of history; even Marx drew all his teachings of the proletarian revolution from the June days. Yet Marx saw less deeply than Tocqueville. The revolution of the masses was a revolution of destruction. Marx regarded the proletariat merely as a slave of the lamp, which would carry him to supreme power; Tocqueville recognised that the masses had repudiated all leadership, the leadership of Blanqui and of Barbès as much as the leadership of Lamartine and of Ledru-Rollin. The contrast explains much that happened in his day and more in ours. The Communist revolutions, far from fulfilling the wish of the masses, establish a dictatorship over the masses; they are the last device by which intellectuals bar the way against anarchy. When traditions and beliefs have perished, only force remains; this cannot be concealed by synthetic beliefs and simulated devotions. Yet force cannot provide a lasting answer. One day the masses will knock again at the door—and they will knock more fiercely at the Communist door than at any other.

Tocqueville's revolutionary memories end abruptly with the days of June. The revolution was over. There follows a strange epilogue, out of tone with the rest of the book, yet essential to it—memoirs of the few months when Tocqueville attempted to lead a life of action. Of course he had acted during the revolution. He had been elected a member of the National Assembly, he had kept his courage on May 15 and during the June days, he had served—though without much effect—on the committee which drafted the constitution. Still, this was not action of the first order. Twelve months later, in June, 1849, Tocqueville suddenly appeared as Foreign Minister in a cabinet formed "to save the Republic." The great political philosopher proved a signal failure as a practical politician. The lover of liberty became the minister of Louis Napoleon, looking for support to a clericalist majority in the Assembly; and this government of "pure" republicans first suppressed a Radical rising in the streets of Paris and then restored Papal rule in Rome. Had Tocqueville remained longer in power, he would have anticipated the foreign policy of Vichy; for, arguing that France was in decline, he proposed to build up a united Germany as a barrier against Russia. There is some danger in public life from stupid politicians; there is even more from politicians who are too clever. Political understanding of the highest order led Tocqueville into being the associate of Louis Napoleon and of the clericals; it would have been better if he had understood less. He wished to show that republicans could be conservative in home and foreign policy. This served to suppress the Radicals and to destroy the Roman Republic; it did not save the Republic in France.

Tocqueville knew that somewhere he had gone wrong. When he left office, after some four months, he withdrew for ever from public life; and his apology in this last chapter is laboured, unconvincing even to himself. He had fallen victim to the doctrine of "the lesser evil"—better Louis Napoleon than anarchy, better Falloux and his clerical associates than a new radical revolution. So nowadays we say: better Wall St. than the Kremlin, better de Gaulle than the Communists. Yet Tocqueville himself, in the conclusion of *Democracy in America*, had seen the falsity of this argument; liberty cannot be saved by resistance. He could not apply this teaching when it came to his own country. The social peril threw him off his balance. Hence the malignancy of his picture of Blanqui, who, despite his madness and his pallor (acquired from a life-time of imprisonment) was also a soldier of liberty—and one who paid a far higher price for it than Tocqueville. No doubt the masses threatened all sorts of "civilised" values; the answer to this danger was to bring the masses within the pale of civilisation, not to shoot them down in the June days. After all, anarchy is a form of liberty, which is more than can be said for dictatorship or clericalism. The greatest invention of 1848, which Tocqueville disowned, was Social Democracy; this was the only way in which civilisation could be saved.

Thus Tocqueville's recollections provide an object-lesson as well as a social analysis of the first order. They are a warning against being too clever in politics; in fact, the intellectual more than others should have simple principles and should stick to them. Liberty has to be defended against all comers; all the same, the constant enemies of liberty are on the Right, and the lover of liberty must never be shaken from his position on the left. Above all, he who loves liberty must have faith in the people. Otherwise he will, like Tocqueville, withdraw from public life and despair of the future.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

**The Recollections of Alexis de Tocqueville.* Edited, with an introduction, by J. P. Mayer. *Harvill Press.* 21s.

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Gandhi and Stalin. By Louis Fischer. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.
Inquest on An Ally. By Paul Winterton. *Cresset Press.* 12. 6d.

Igor Gouzenko was a peasant boy born not far from Moscow. His mother was a woman of strong character who ran the risk of protesting against the savagery of Kulak liquidation. Gouzenko became a Komsomol and then a military policeman; obedience and hard work finally qualified him for the post of cypher clerk in the Soviet Embassy in Canada. Gouzenko felt mean when he found that he was part of an elaborate system of espionage by which, on an upper floor of the Embassy, military secrets as well as much that was not secret at all, were being photostated and sent on to Moscow. The friendliness, prosperity and freedom of Canada made nonsense of the Soviet propaganda in which he had been brought up. Whether he would have continued as a cypher clerk if he had not been recalled to Moscow, one cannot say. He stole from the secret files enough documents to prove his case, and managed after a melodramatic interval, to persuade the authorities that he had important information. He now lives in hiding in the care of the Canadian police. He was thanked in warm terms by the Canadian Government. Sunday paper articles and book royalties provide him with a living. His revelations were the basis of the Canadian spy trials.

Sophisticated people must have known that Russia was not alone in using diplomatic immunity to obtain secret information. But it was shocking to people, who were ignorant of Communist philosophy and organisation, to learn that Canadian, American and British subjects were all willing to break their oaths of secrecy in order that military information might reach the Soviet Union. Other governments with difficulty find foreign crooks prepared to sell their countries for money, but the U.S.S.R. finds Party members or fellow-travellers in influential position willing, for doctrinal reasons, to supply them with information which the most lavish expenditure could not have purchased. A wave of horror swept over North America. People suddenly ceased to think of Communism as a parlour game, or as merely an extreme form of Socialism. The scare books seemed to be justified. We were actually living in a Phillips Oppenheim world. Everyone was suspect who had ever seen or spoken to a Communist. The way was clear for a great purge of the Reds and Pinks. Only the more thoughtful people realised the dangers of indiscriminate witch-hunting and murmured to themselves that they were scarcely likely to be catching the right people since in future Soviet spies would certainly be disguised as the loudest and most patriotic of Red-baiters.

Mr. Gouzenko's book is, of course, sensationally written for a public hungry for anti-Soviet literature. The early chapters dealing with his childhood and adolescence are obviously highly selective; there must have been constructive aspects of the U.S.S.R. that appealed to his youthful idealism. But his book cannot for that reason be dismissed; his account of the Soviet spy system, his escape and the effect of his revelations are already on record in official documents. His account would have been better balanced if he had stated the number of the accused who were acquitted by the Canadian Courts.

Mr. Louis Fischer and Mr. Paul Winterton are both experienced reporters who have lived in the Soviet Union and become disillusioned about it. Mr. Fischer was a consistent believer until 1937 when, in company with many others, he could no longer stomach the purges which obviously extended to many who had no part in any conspiracy against the State. Mr. Paul Winterton lived in Russia during the war as well as before it, and until 1945 he found much to praise. As he now presents a case which excludes the possibility of any kind of agreement with the Soviet Union, it would have seemed natural for him to explain why in an article on "Moscow—Winter, 1944," in the *Russian Review*, he said that those who are:

> constantly urging that Britain and Russia should get closer together are not crying for the moon. There are in my view no major obstacles to mutual understanding, respect and friendship, *provided that we do get together.*

Well, we did not "get together," and Mr. Winterton who, we must presume, knew nothing of the philosophy of the Politburo when he was *News Chronicle* correspondent in Moscow, now argues that talk of getting together has always been rubbish since it is excluded by the very nature of Marx-Leninism. He argues, correctly, that Communism cannot be treated "like any other party," since Communists believe in the final truth of their doctrine and, in spite of the obvious facts, in the infallibility of its interpretation by the Politburo. Mr. Winterton is right that Communism fights all the time in peace as in war, and that war is only a phase in the unceasing struggle for the international dictatorship of the proletariat. He decides, somewhat hastily, that when Stalin repeats that the U.S.S.R. can live side by side with capitalist Powers, he speaks only "with intent to deceive." It may be so, but there are other explanations, since there is nothing in Marx-Leninism to exclude the possibility of another prolonged period of the limited type of co-operation that Russia offered to the West between 1934 and 1938. Mr. Winterton should pursue his Marxist studies rather further; at present he lacks that historical and geographical perspective that would prevent him naively thinking he had scored a point against *The Times* and this journal when, for instance, he quotes them as pointing out that elections in Eastern Europe cannot be judged by the same standards as in Western countries, where there is an old tradition of democracy! As it stands, his book is simply an indictment of Soviet policy; he does not ask how far it may be defensive or why Communism appeals to the dispossessed or to colonial peoples. His argument should lead, logically, to the conclusion that the only course for the West is an immediate war on Russia. The final pages of his book, however, seem to imply the possibility of the *modus vivendi* with the U.S.S.R., the impossibility of which it was the main purpose of the book to expose. He writes that though "Russia must be prevented from making any further physical encroachments by the knowledge that war would result," the "long-term world struggle" will be fought "mainly in the minds of men." The West will not start shooting and "Russia will do nothing to start a general war as long as the West is strong and united." We must exploit "the weapons of peace," dealing "truthfully with falsehood."

Mr. Louis Fischer would not quarrel with this conclusion. Until the murder of Kirov he hoped, very reasonably, that the grasp of the Secret Police would be loosened in Moscow. At last despairing of any progress towards a more liberal regime in Russia, Mr. Fischer, a thwarted idealist, became a leading and very well-informed enemy of Soviet Communism. But he did not therefore worship big business in America or approve the lynching of Negroes. Mahatma Gandhi supplied the answer. His idealism was transferred to India. He makes the odd error of describing Gandhi as a Socialist, and seems not to have faced the crucial difficulty in Gandhi's philosophy. If, as a result of non-violence, the British were turned out of India and Congress won power, would they be able to govern without the violence that Gandhi had denounced? Mr. Fischer's new book, however, does not seriously examine these philosophic questions. It is written in short, staccato, didactic sentences. It has a simple and direct message. Listen, says Mr. Fischer, not to Stalin, who believes, like so many other statesmen, that the solution of our problem lies in the increase of their own power. Pay attention to Gandhi, who tells us to "turn the searchlight inwards." In a word, make our own democracies good and then we shall not have to fear Communism. Mr. Fischer has travelled far from his earlier Marxism.

Kingsley Martin

HENRY GREEN

Concluding. By Henry Green. *Hogarth Press.* 8s. 6d.

Even on a bustling sea of letters, the phenomenon of Henry Green would still be memorable; in today's doldrums, who could turn a blind eye to the approach of his newest work—*Concluding*? True, the vessel's progress is fitful. Dazzling speed one moment; the next, you whistle for the wind, for that zephyr of clichés inverted, of Firbankian innuendo, of despairing sexiness and gruff sensibility, on which the sails rely. As you stare, the hull changes shape, now rakish, then squat as a trawler, now of seasoned wood, then of rubber or even cotton-wool. Nevertheless, we train all telescopes upon it.

It is now close on twenty years since Mr. Green's first halting, haunting experiment in the art of the novel. In his latest work he is still experimenting; nor has this statement the least derogatory implication, for the novel, youngest almost of all aesthetic patterns, must experiment, must constantly seek to enlarge the frontiers of its consciousness, or perish of immaturity.

Mr. Green has always specialised in the humdrum situation, viewed slightly out of focus, through one eye of three, from the ground or from a balcony. The workshop, the railway terminus, the fire-station, the servants' hall, and now a girls' school in the bureaucratic Elysium of the future. It is a summer's day in the harassed old age of a famous scientist Mr. Rock. He is wracked by the intrigues of the Head Mistresses to snatch from him his darling cottage; he cannot stomach his granddaughter's paramour, Sebastian Birt, in whose Protean mimicries many will affect to recognise a public portrait; he is worried by the disappearance of two girls from the school, the wanderings of Ted, his goose, and Daisy, his sow. With reluctance he attends the annual Anniversary "hop" up at the Great House now turned academy. The day dies lingering, the trees advance on the house, Daisy and Ted come back, the old man puts on his night-shirt and falls asleep; far from concluding, nothing is concluded, every mystery remains to be solved.

It is, I think, now time to trace the curve of Henry Green through a generation and seven novels. Already in the first two novels (*Blindness* and *Living*) one was made conscious of an eye as mysteriously poetic as was the camera-work in a first-class French film of that period; nevertheless one could not escape a few twinges of exasperation at the mannerisms—the dropped definite articles, the arabesque-like incrustations of subsidiary clauses that could turn the lightest conceit into a beefy piece of East Indian furniture. In the ten years that passed between the appearance of *Living* (1929) and *Party Going* (1939), Mr. Green seemed to free himself from many of these artifices. True, the opening paragraph of the later work brings on, I think, something of the old irritation:

> Fog was so dense, bird that had been disturbed went flat into a balustrade and slowly fell, dead, at her feet . . .

(If you're going to do without the "thes," why keep the commas?)

Yet *Party Going* is a highly skilful and evocative book. The fog curls through the great station, the crowd never quite storms the hotel where Max and Julia and Amabel play out their comedy of manners, by the heaps of luggage the servants wait for kisses from unknown pretty girls; and at the end of it all you are left with a definite sensation, a ghostly taste in the mouth. Here is some distant relationship perhaps with *Le Grand Meaulne* and strangely enough, I think, with *Valmouth*. But the taste remains particular on the whole.

In *Party Going*, certain conventions of the later Green novels first assert themselves—the mastery of servants' dialogue which was to be so brilliantly disclosed in *Loving* and the almost arbitrary calamities—dead pigeons, dead peacocks, dead wives and butlers, children abducted by mad women, wooden legs, old maids ill, schoolgirls vanishing,

who shall say why or where? And pretty girls on all sides, as numerous, as desirable as in the world of Mr. Peter Cheyney. Bathing they kick their pretty legs and their fingers are "waterlilies done in rubies" (*Party Going*); or (in *Caught*) "an instructor's bulbous eyes followed the girl's criss-crossing legs, under silk stockings her skin a sheath of magnolia petals beneath the blue white light" or the two lovely underhousemaids up in the attic in *Loving*, a sort of Mytilenian day-dream:—

> Edie turned at this to face Kate and put a hand along her cheek. She was naked to the waist. In that light from the window overgrowing with ivy her detached skin shone like the flower of white lilac under leaves.

And now in *Concluding*, where Sebastian Birt finds one of the lost schoolgirls caught in the branches of a fallen beech tree:

> "My dear girl, we can't have this," he said, clambering down. And then became confused. Because her soft body, stretched out, was covered only in thin geranium red cotton, it lay with all grace and carelessness, the breasts lightly covered and the long limbs . . . etc., etc.

The fantasy of adolescence or of middle age? But Mr. Green pulls himself up short and gives her a bleeding leg.

With *Caught* (1943) the curve is steadily in the ascendant. Dated though much of its preoccupation with the blitz may now seem, it is a masterly, haunted book, which at the end leaves you identified with, almost responsible for, the suicide of the odious Pye.

In *Loving*, published two years later, the curve, I think, reaches its peak. Mr. Green may have other feats in store, but it would need a truly prodigious achievement to surpass the many virtues of this extraordinary book. There are few technical problems to confront a writer more baffling than the lilt and cadence of working-class conversation. In the dialogue of Mr. Charlie Raunce and his Edith, Henry Green reveals a masterful authenticity which D. H. Lawrence, for instance, never equalled.

But alas! The curve does not flatten out here. Already in *Back*, Mr. Green's penultimate novel, those very qualities which made *Loving* so memorable have hardened almost into affectation. It is the world this time of the contracting office and the road-house, or rather the by-pass. The girls are just as pretty, just as ardent, and Mr. Green moves among them with no loss of self-confidence, but the similes have become desperately tortured, the bravura is hardening into jauntiness.

Concluding, the new novel, shows at least no falling away from the level to which Mr. Green fell back with *Back*. It is in essence a return to the Impressionism of *Loving*, an impressionism more musical or pictorial than literary, more akin to Debussy or Degas than to Mallarmé. It is full of enchanting fancies, of fluttering girls down empty passages, across the empty park, as in *Loving*. Some of the conceits are strangely alike—particularly that of the housemaids waltzing together in the cavernous Irish ballroom to a booming gramophone, and the schoolgirls doing likewise in like circumstances in the English school.

But with it all, one finds the old exasperation coming back, the impatience with Mr. Green's sentimentality, a sentimentality carefully hidden under rubbish and decay, yet hardly less embarrassing, when some edge of it peeps out, than Mr. Saroyan in full course. There are moments too when Mr. Green seems quite unaware of his audience nodding off; the insistence on trivial detail—bluebottles for instance that suddenly infest a great bank of flowers for the ball, or Mr. Rock cadging for breakfast—maddens as much as did the episode of the Captain being found naked in Mrs. Jack's bed in *Loving*. Mr. Green is fundamentally too talented a writer to worry at some episode till it is like a piece of worn-out rubber. Nor need he spoil by overwriting a fancy as pretty as this:

> Delicately, then, she proceeded to reveal window panes, because shutters had not been used the night before, to disclose glass frosted to flat arches by condensation, so that Sanctum was reflected all dark sapphire blue from electric light at her back because it was not yet morning. She could even see, round her head's inky shade, no other than a swarm of aquamarines, which, pictured on the dark sapphire panes, were each drop of the chandelier that she had lit with the lamps switched on in morning.

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Yet in the last unresolved pages, the old man's painful return from the ball, the finding of his sow and errant goose, there is undeniable magic. Were one's belief in Mr. Green's powers of magic less strongly fortified by this passage, one would feel less angered by his goings-on. But he is above all a writer of highly adult fairy tales, as from many internal signs, I suspect he realises himself; and the perfect fairy-tale, as Perrault has shown us, is one from which decoration is cut away not one to which it is added.

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

POTTED CREEVEY

Creevey. Selected and Re-edited by JOHN GORE. *John Murray.* 21s.

"In future times the Creevey papers may form a curious collection." So said Thomas Creevey over 100 years ago, when enjoining upon his step-daughter the careful custody of all his correspondence. Being, as well as exceedingly bitter and malignant, a very shrewd old man, he was perfectly right. Only it was not until 1903 that posterity had any opportunity of indulging its curiosity. In that year Sir Herbert Maxwell selected from the vast mass of MSS. enough to fill two printed volumes: and overnight Creevey became a celebrity—more celebrated indeed than he had ever been in his lifetime. For here at last was the perfect showman of aristocratic Society during that prodigious period of its flowering between the time of the French Revolution and the Reform Bill, describing it not in retrospect but as it actually functioned day by day—a man of no personal importance, always in the wings, never on the stage, with no duties whatever to distract him; and so with all the time in the world to dodge from country house to country house, from Brooks' to the House of Commons, from the Pavilion at Brighton to the battlefield of Waterloo, listening to the conversation and recording it while it was still ringing in his ears. Moreover his style has the Regency bloom on it (as a correspondent he is not unworthy to keep company with the great figures of Lady Bessborough, Lady Granville and Lord Byron): and his letters bring a nostalgic whiff of that full-blooded era, when men were not ashamed to say what they meant in words that occasionally reduce Sir Herbert Maxwell to the silence of dots and dashes.

In 1934 Mr. John Gore took another bite out of the Creevey archives in *Creevey's Life and Times*, a volume in no way inferior in interest to Sir Herbert Maxwell's two mouthfuls. Both editors have assured us that enough remains

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THE BODLEY HEAD

unpublished to fill a bookcase. The appearance, therefore, of another selected *Creevey* naturally raises hopes of a third instalment; only to disappoint them. This book is compression, not expansion: the three volumes of Creevey already printed are now reduced by two-thirds, and squeezed into a so-called "omnibus"—a sinister bus that takes the road with only truncated portions of its three passengers. Yet anyone interested in the rich pattern of life during the Regency (who can resist it!), and so far unversed in Creevey, had better procure the book at once, for the three original volumes have long been out of print. A third of a loaf is better than no bread.

Mr. John Gore prefaces this new edition with a brief biography of Creevey, and discusses "the riddle of his parentage" in a separate appendix. Little more is known of his life than can be gauged from the pile of documents he laid up for posterity. The insignificance of Creevey's social position is confirmed by the fact that in the many letters by his contemporaries newly published in the last 45 years his name rarely occurs. For instance, *he* never fails to notice Mrs. Fitzherbert and Madame de Lieven at a dinner party—yet they never seem to notice *him*. Mr. Gore does his best to dress the old fellow up as an Elder Statesman, but the costume does not fit. Whatever part he played in politics has long been forgotten: it is his relentless activity as a gossip, a toady and a snob for which he will be gratefully remembered.

In general opinion "the riddle of his parentage" was settled in 1903, when Lord Derby told Sir Herbert Maxwell that Creevey was a natural son of the second Earl of Sefton, although born in wedlock to William Creevey, an impecunious Liverpool slave-trader. Sir Herbert himself accepted this statement and certain internal evidence in the documents as conclusive. Mr. Gore, with distressing pusillanimity, declares: "He would be a bold man who would uphold it beyond peradventure."

No man has need of boldness, however, to uphold beyond peradventure that the editing of *Creevey* has been scamped. Instead of amalgamating extracts from the same letters published by Sir Herbert Maxwell and himself—the correct procedure as he admits—Mr. Gore appears to have cut two slices out of Sir Herbert Maxwell's and two out of his own book, and slapped them on top of one another. The periods 1802-1825 and 1829-1831 are taken from Maxwell; 1826-1828 and 1832-1837 are *Creevey's Life and Times*. (Without access to the text of the original three volumes no one would guess this important but peculiar fact from the editor's preface—a masterpiece of cautious self-exculpation.) The best excuse offered is Creevey's execrable handwriting. To collate a text one needs to re-read the original MS.—and that is more than this editor can face. He cannot even face correcting some of Sir Herbert Maxwell's errors and omissions. The dots and dashes introduced by Sir Herbert maintain their absurd attempts at obscurity. Are the reputations of Mrs. Francis Leveson and the Duchess of Rutland any less tarnished by printing Mrs. F—— L—— and the Duchess of R——? On pages 109, 237 and 238, moreover, Sir Herbert's notes continue to supply inaccurate information. Could old Creevey rise from the dead to see what future times have done with his "curious collection," he would enjoy a final chuckle of malice. "Was there ever such a ——?"

RALPH PARTRIDGE

KENSINGTON TO SAMOA

Henry James and Robert Louis Stevenson. A Record of Friendship and Criticism. Edited by JANET ADAM SMITH. *Rupert Hart-Davis.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

No smaller distance than that between Samoa and De Vere Gardens, Kensington, one would have guessed, separated these two characters. On the one side that great domed brow, that reputable beard which evoked incongruously in the mind of some acquaintances a resemblance to the Prince of Wales, broad shoulders that always seemed a little bent with crouching over a precious flame, as the protective hand fanned it at one moment, guarded it at another, a vigilance never relaxed whether at a dinner party or at a desk in the small hours; on the other, the man with the hollow nervous face, the thin gangling legs, the over-publicised moustache, splashing through fords at midnight, risking a bullet in parochial politics, endangering his life every day he lived for no apparent purpose except perhaps a desperate desire to prove that he could be something other than a writer. On what was this odd friendship based?

Miss Janet Adam Smith, the author of the most perceptive life of Stevenson yet published, has put us further in her debt by compiling this record of friendship. Most of the letters printed here are known to us already, though in the case of Stevenson in garbled Colvin versions (how easy it is to transcribe wrongly can be seen by comparing the manuscript in an unpublished letter on page 121 with Miss Adam Smith's version—a trivial error), but how seldom it is that we can read both sides of a correspondence together. A letter gains by its reply: the mirror in De Vere Gardens gains in depth when we see the answering flash from Samoa. Miss Adam Smith explains the friendship in the aesthetic appeal to James of Stevenson's situation:

> The man living under the daily threat of a fatal haemorrhage, yet with such an appetite for the active life; the novelist who could only gain the health and energy for writing at the risk of dissipating them on other ends; the writer who had to spur his talent to earn more and more money to pay for the life of action that kept him alive; the continual tug between the claims of life and literature—here was a situation not unlike those which had provided James with the germ of a novel or story.

This is understandable; Stevenson's friendship for James is more unexpected. The literary character is not noted for generosity and Stevenson was well aware that James was the superior artist, though in the public controversy on the art of the novel with which this collection and their friendship open, Stevenson scored some good debating points against James in the argument whether or not art could "compete" with life (and the readers of Longman's Magazine preferred, no doubt, his cleverly varied cadences and sudden metaphors to the weighty seriousness of the older writer). "These phantom reproductions of experience, even at their most acute, convey decided pleasure; while experience itself, in the cockpit of life can torture and slay"; "catching the very note and trick, the strange irregular rhythm of life, that is the attempt whose strenuous force keeps Fiction upon her feet." The first startles, like a handful of pebbles flung against a window; the other imperceptibly, invincibly, flows like a sea.

At this period James was selling less and less and Stevenson more and more—a difficult period for the more successful man. "There must be something wrong in me, or I would not be popular"—the doomed Calvinistic conscience directed at his own work saved Stevenson from self-justification as well as from pride. "What the public likes is work (of any kind), a little loosely executed; so long as it is a little wordy, a little slack, a little dim and knotless, the dear public likes it; it should (if possible) be a little dull into the bargain." He was never deceived by acclamation—not even by the acclamation of Gosse or Colvin, for he had learned even in childhood that sal-

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vation is always for the other man. In the years of adolescence he had rebelled, but he had never regarded himself as innocent and his father as guilty. So now it was easier for him than it would have been for a less scrupulous character to maintain his devotion to a greater man. Criticism from James never came amiss. He would defend, but he would never resent.

The only thing I miss in the book is the note of *visibility*—it subjects my visual sense, my *seeing* imagination, to an almost painful underfeeding. The *hearing* imagination, as it were, is nourished like an alderman, and the loud audibility seems a slight the more on the baffled lust of the eyes . . .

So James on *Catriona* and Stevenson replies:

Your jubilation over *Catriona* did me good, and still more the subtlety and truth of your remark on the starving of the visual sense in that book. 'Tis true, and unless I make the greater effort—and am, as a step to that, convinced of its necessity—it will be more true I fear in the future. I *hear* people talking, and I *feel* them acting, and that seems to me to be fiction. My two aims may be described as—

1st. War to the adjective.
2nd. Death to the optic nerve.

Admitted we live in an age of the optic nerve in literature. For how many centuries did literature get along without a sign of it?

This book will appeal to all interested in the technique of the novelist, and it should do much to raise Stevenson's unjustly fallen reputation. Who to-day can afford to patronise a novelist to whom James wrote with a copy of *The Tragic Muse* that he was "the sole and single Anglo-Saxon capable of perceiving . . . how well it is written." James was capable of oriental courtesy to his inferiors, but the praise he gives to Stevenson has the directness and warmth of equality. "He lighted up one whole side of the globe, and was in himself a whole province of one's imagination."

GRAHAM GREENE

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

Pre-Raphaelite Painters. By ROBIN IRONSIDE. With a Descriptive Catalogue by JOHN GERE. *Phaidon Press.* 25*s.*

A hundred years ago, revolutionary manifestations, like so many geysers, bubbled and burst across all Europe. The Pre-Raphaelite movement was one of the bubbles. The revolutionary passion that causes men to revolt against the social establishment causes painters to revolt against established codes of artistic manners and open their eyes afresh to nature. So Pre-Raphaelite realism, no less than Pre-Raphaelite ethics, was an effort to stir up the gradually setting jelly of Victorian complacency. Mr. Ironside's introduction acknowledges how much the movement was stimulated by the social conscience of the "hungry forties."

> Ruskin's radicalism trailed in its wake no artist such as Courbet; for fleeting moments, however, the spirit of Courbet was manifest in English art—telepathically manifest, for there was no conscious, nor at first glance is there any apparent, relation; there was simply, and quite ephemerally, the same attack upon reality, the same affectionate pity for it.

It was this "affectionate pity" for reality that produced the masterpieces of Pre-Raphaelite painting:—Millais' two double-portraits of the Wyatt family and *Christ in the House of His Parents*, Arthur Hughes' *April Love* and *Long Engagement*, Holman Hunt's *Hireling Shepherd*, the landscapes of Ford Madox Brown. Yet even before many of these canvases had been started, the "imaginative recoil from the contemporary prospect" of which Rosetti "was both the herald and the master" had already begun. On the other hand, as Mr. Ironside persuasively maintains, the Brotherhood's recoil from reality "did not, at first, in any way weaken the dissident character of their works" or lead them to conform with the Victorian *Weltanschauung*. But, by the early sixties, conformity had won the day. Its ascendancy was, I think, symbolised by the fate of Hunt's *Awakening Conscience*. Mr. Gere tells us that the expression on the face of the girl—described by Ruskin as "rent from its beauty into sudden horror"—was found too agonizing to live with by the picture's owner, at whose request Hunt altered it. The artist himself was thus willing to dilute the dose of reality he had once dispensed. Here, as in the pseudo-Dantesque fantasies of Rosetti, the empty virtuosity of later Millais, the evangelical Surrealism of ultimate Hunt and the artiness for art's sake of Burne-Jones, the direction eventually taken by the movement was revealed as a flight from the ugliness of the contemporary scene.

To Ruskin, ugliness meant the sores on the face of a society stricken with a spiritual plague. Courbet stubbornly exposed the existence of that plague. The Pre-Raphaelites set out to do the same, but before long took the easier course of making a mask to hide the sores. While French painters persisted in their intimacy with nature and their critical contact with contemporary human existence (Pissarro, Lautrec), in England the light of realism failed, giving place to the twilight of a nostalgia for the past. So, while the French unravelled nature, the English illustrated books. If there was a reason for this difference, beyond the personal temperaments of the artists, it may have been the fact that France escaped the radical transfiguration and disfiguration which the Industrial Revolution produced in England.

Mr. Ironside's euphuistic and precious style at times achieves felicitous images, but elsewhere it lumbers into fatiguing convolutions. Even these, however, are made tolerable by the number and perspicacity of his ideas and by his admirable combination of sympathetic understanding and ironic detachment. Mr. Gere's catalogue is informative and entertaining, not least in its constant pursuit of the manifestations of Ruskin's relationship with the movement. Among the plates, room should have been found for Calderon's *Broken Vows*, Wallis's *Thou Wert Our Conscript* and Solomon's *Study of Ezekiel and the Angel*. The introduction is not made more readable by being set in 12 pt. in single column on a large quarto page, with some sixteen words to a line and fifty lines to a page. In all other respects, the production is excellent.

A. D. B. SYLVESTER

Portrait of a House. By MARY HOWARD MCCLINTOCK. *Carroll & Nicholson.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Anyone who cares for an extremely well conducted tour of the upper class household of fifty years ago will enjoy this book. Mrs. McClintock whom all addicts of Victoriana will remember with gratitude and admiration for her editing of *The Queen Thanks Sir Howard*, has taken the name of a room or a part of the estate for each of the chapter-headings in her book and used them as spring-boards for her recollections. But it has a flaw, a serious one. Mrs. McClintock has not been able to forswear "fictionalised" reminiscence, so that the flow and rhythm of her narrative are constantly checked by jagged boulders of rather pointless conversation.

On the other hand Mrs. McClintock's creation of atmosphere, her lack of mannerisms and her feeling for the past are, in the main, so used that her book can be criticised on a higher level than most of its kind. But she would do better to stick to the medium that seems to suit her best—the simple and factual evocation of a childhood that appears to have been singularly free from bitterness, anxiety and frustration. If her memories are all idyllic, as in this book, so much the better; the portrayal of the idyllic suits her easy, unemphatic style and will please the public that likes its authors to be nostalgic but not lachrymose and informative without being dull.

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ROBERT HALE

He Lived in My Shoes. By LESLIE GREENER. *Harrap.* 10s. 6d.

This book is that rarest of rare birds, a humorous book which sustains its humour; some parts, of course, are funnier than others, but funny bits recur all the way to the end. Mr. Greener has had the original idea of writing the autobiography of his second self—"the smart one," he says, "who always has an answer ready, the courageous one who would have thrashed the bully." The result is *esprit d'escalier* on a vast scale. The robust self-confidence of Mr. Greener's second self strikes a refreshing note to a reader sated with ordinary autobiographies, with their tone hovering between strident egomania and pompous mock-modesty. The first episode, with overtones of Rabelais and Sterne, shows the hero in dominant control of the family fortunes four months before his birth. Through childhood and boyhood, he never loses his grip and never meets his match. The book is weakest in its Prep-school chapters, when invention flags and the various incidents resemble one another too much; but it picks up well before the end. Since Mr. Greener leaves his second self at the age of eighteen we may hope for a sequel.

Week-end Competitions

No. 980

Set by D. Yates Mason

THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION contains no "Heart-and-Home" column. Competitors are invited to provide the raw material for such a feature by submitting any baffling personal problem that has particular application to the higher intelligence groups in contemporary society, together with a brief reply. Limit of 150 words. Entries by Dec. 7.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 977

Set by Richard Lister

Prizes of Six Guineas are offered for an acrostic poem on GUY FAWKES.

Report by Richard Lister

Since most competitors wisely stuck to the single acrostic, the odd ninth line proved a greater stumbling block than the problem of the Initial Letter. Anyhow, it was by the feeling of a "line that oughtn't to be there" that I was able to make the first division of the large flock in the sheep and goats. After that—so skilfully was the acrostic managed—it was a question only of liveliness and originality. Several competitors sent in ingenious acrostic puzzles, notably: Guy Kendall, Basil Smith and Yorick. But that was not the point. Double and treble acrostics were treated on the same basis as singles and only one, a double, qualified in its own right. Among the last to be regretfully discarded were: Dianne J. Doubtfire, Muriel Grainger, E. W. Fordham, R. S. Jaffray, W. H. Victory, M. F. L., "Arnott," Chauve Souris, M. H. H., John Mayman, J. P. H., Wm. F. Crossland and L. E. J. Sea Urchin with his Browning version seemed to me a clear winner—Two guineas. The remainder printed below split the rest of the prize money with 12s. 6d. each.

Glory! What thunder
Under High Parliament:
You in a huddle
Fixing their argument,
Armed with your plunder,
Waiting to fuse it,
Kingdom and Muddle—
Easily does it!—
Seized! What a chance! What a Lion to lose it!
SEA URCHIN

Guy arrayed in gaudy vesture
Undefeated you'll survive
Yearly, and no-one shall wrest your
Fame achieved One-Six-O-Five.
Aptly shall the same revive
When we reach November fogs,
Knave supreme whom none can shrive!
English? Spanish? Hog of hogs!
Stir the fire and heap the logs!
KENNETH CHESTER

Grimly in their grim collusion,
Urging wrathful resolution,
Yearning for a swift conclusion, thus the traitors said:
"Faggot, fuse, and powder-barrel
Are assembled in a quarrel
Where the flame shall point the moral. Let none lose his head!"
Knew not they that at no season
England ever treats with treason.
Smote she straightway—hence the reason Guido lost his head.
GUY INNES

Guy ran the plot to blow up a Scot and his Court, he did.
Unaware of default he dwelt in the vault where powder was hid.
Yet somebody talked and Guy was balked. Quoth the king: "That's guid!"
Fate might be unsure when sifting the pure from the devil's own,
And our notable pair haply met elsewhere in a drafting zone.
Why shouldn't James of pious aims greet Guy in glee,
Kiss and be friends? When a Scot unbends it's a jubilee.
Effigy burning fosters a yearning youth can't resist:
Surely Guy as a rough has been roasted enough. Who has a list?
W. WILSON

Give me crowding children. A front lawn, damp
Under an angular bejewelled Great Bear:
Young hot brothers held to peer through window-bars,
Fidgeting in vain for rockets due to flare:
After altercations round the oily cycle-lamp,
Wonderful and sudden showers in blackest air,
Kingly gold eclipsing the uneffectual stars.
Every bang expended. One smouldering spark:
Silence: smell of sulphur: re-instated dark.
F. C. C.

Gone are the days when I stooped with a taper
Under the tab of a Catherine Wheel
Yielding a glory that set me a-caper
Full of delight I no longer can feel.
Ah! how my heart gave a leap at the eerie
Wail of the rocket that rose in the dark,
Kindling its anger until it grew weary,
Ebbing away to its ultimate spark:
So do we all who despair of our mark.
WILLY TADPOLE

"We have discovered a plot to blow up the peoples' will. I wonder who they are, but we will have a good bonfire ready to burn them when the time comes." (Mr. Churchill, reported in the *News Chronicle*, November 6th, 1948.)

Go up Churchill's garden path,
through the thickening haze,
Up Unto the bonfire . . .
watch the mighty blaze;
Yours, You know, the privilege
just to stand and gaze.
Fighting Fund finances
must be rather queer . . .
A penny for A red guy
is Winnie's bright idea;
Why should old Woolton worry
when the Party's in the clear?
Kindly exalted to Kingly state,
along with good King James,
Enter a people's will Enthroned,
to further Conservative aims;
Save us from the horrid Sight
of reactionary fun and games!
LESLIE COLLIER

This week in

The Listener

The Future of the Ruhr
by W. N. Ewer
The Case Against the Iron and Steel Bill
by Geoffrey Crowther
A Munich Survey: The Parliamentary Background
by Harold Nicolson
The Problems of Western Union: Towards Economic Partnership
by Graham Hutton
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The Secret of the English is the author's own English version of the book which last year received a prize of the French Academy.

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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

CIVIL Service Commissioners invite applics. for about 15 permanent appointments in various Government Depts in the grade of Statistician. Candidates will be expected to possess wide statistical exp. They must be at least 30 on Jan. 1, 1949, and have a Univ. degree with first or second-class hons. (or equiv. where there is no hons. degree) in statistics, or in mathematics, economics, or other appropriate main subject combined with statistics, or having obtained a degree with first or second-class hons. (or equiv. where there is no hons. degree) in mathematics, economics or other appropriate main subject without statistics, must have been employed wholetime for at least 12 months continuously on statistical work. Salary scale for men in London £900×£30—£1,080×£35—£1,220; scales for women are somewhat lower. Prospects of promotion to the higher posts in the Civil Service. Superannuation under F.S.S.U. Partics. and applic. forms from Sec., Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 2316. Completed applic. forms must be received by Dec. 11.

CIVIL Service Commission. An Open Competition will be held in 1949 for recruitment under normal Regulations to Administrative Class of Home Civil Service, Administrative Class of the Northern Ireland Civil Service, and Senior Branch of the Foreign Service. For Administrative Class there will be two methods of recruitment, Method I comprehensive written exam. plus an interview (corresponding with the pre-war exam.), Method II written qualifying exam. followed by personal tests and interview (corresponding with Reconstruction exam.); for Method II candidates will be reqd. to have obtained (or to obtain in 1949) a Second Class Hons. degree, but this will be waived for certain candidates who have had regular service in H.M. Forces. For Foreign Service arrangements will follow those for Administrative Class Method II, but candidates without the reqd. degree may be accepted if they reach an appropriate standard in the written exam. under Method I. Age limits 20½-24 on Aug. 1, 1949, with extension for regular service in H.M. Forces, and, up to two yrs., for voluntary service in H.M. Forces otherwise than on a regular engagement or for compulsory natl. service under National Service Acts. Regulations and partics. obtainable on application (pref. by post-card) to Sec., Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 2240. Latest date for receipt of completed Applic. Forms is Dec. 31, 1948 (for Admin. Class Method II and for Foreign Service), or Jan. 31, 1949 (for Admin. Class Method I).

PRISON Commission. Applics. invited for about 15 posts of Governor Class V (Men) in H.M. Borstal Institutions and certain of H.M. Prisons. Candidates, who should be physically fit, must be at least 21 and under 34 years of age on Jan. 1, 1949. It is essential that candidates should have had personal exp. in dealing with men or boys, and be filled with a genuine interest in difficult reformative work. They should be men of sound general educ. able to fill a position of considerable responsibility. Commencing sal. of Governor Class V (London rate) is £360 p.a. rising by annual increments of £20 to £580 p.a., with free quarters or an allowance in lieu. Posts are in an established (i.e. pensionable) capacity. Applics. in response to this announcement are not debarred by provisions of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947. Forms of applic. and the Regulations governing these appointments from Establishment Officer (G.5), Prison Commission, Horseferry House, Dean Ryle St. S.W.1. Completed applic. forms must be returned by Dec. 4.

UNIV. of London Inst. of Education and Inst. of Child Health. A Senior Research Assistant with special qualifics. in education or educational psychology is reqd. as soon as possible to work in conjunction with a medical research assistant on an investigation of infants and yng. children. Sal. £700 p.a. with superan. Applics. to be addressed by Dec. 11, to Secretary, Inst. of Education, Malet St. W.C.1, from whom further partics. obtainable.

THE London Council of Social Service invites applics. for post of General Secretary. Candidates should have had considerable exp. of social work and of admin. in voluntary organisations and/or statutory bodies. Sal. £750, rising by increments of £25, plus a family allowance; superann. scheme. No applic. form being issued. Apply in writing, enclosing copies of three recent testimonials, by Dec. 6, to Sec., 7 Bayley St. Bedford Sq. W.C.1.

UNIVERSITY College, Southampton. Applics. invited for post of Lecturer in Economics and Statistics. Commencing salary will be at rate of £650 p.a. Further partics. obtainable from the Registrar, to whom applics. should be sent as soon as possible.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE C.C. Children's Visiting Officers (4). Applics. invited from suitably qualified men and women for above appointments at sals. in Grades A.P.T.I. (£390-£435), or A.P.T. II (£420-£465), according to exp. and qualifics. Pref. given to candidates expd. in dealing with children deprived of normal home life and/or who have successfully completed the Home Office Child Care Course. Applic. forms and conditions of appointment obtainable from Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham, to whom applics. should be returned as soon as possible. Canvassing will disqualify.

Appointments Vacant—continued

THE Council of the British Medical Association invites applics. from registered practitioners, incig. those serving with H.M. Forces, for appointment of a Medical Assistant Editor to the British Medical Journal Abstracting Service. In first inst. appointment will be for six months on a probationary basis at salary of £1,000 p.a., rising by annual increments of £62 10s. to £1,375 p.a. In exceptional circumstances the initial salary may be above the min. of the scale. The Assocn. superannuation scheme will apply on substantive appointment. Candidates must present evidence of literary ability and/or journalistic exp. A knidge. of one or more foreign languages is desirable. Applicants should send full partics. of qualifics., exp., age, etc., tog. with names and addresses of 3 persons to whom ref. may be made, to Editor of the British Medical Journal, B.M.A. House, Tavistock Sq. London, W.C.1, by Dec. 11. Envelopes should be marked "British Medical Journal, Abstracting Service—Assistant Editor."

SURREY C.C. Children's Cttee. Pentlands Remand Home, Mitcham. Applics. invited from married couples for joint appointments of (1) Senior Supervisor and Assistant Matron, and (2) Supervisor and Domestic, in Pentlands Remand Home (accommodates 17 boys over 14 yrs. of age). Subject to approval of Home Office, salaries will be: Senior Supervisor—£280×£12 to £340 p.a. plus a Special Responsibility allowance of £50 p.a., less deduction of £100 p.a. for board residence. Assistant Matron—£200×£10 to £250 p.a., less deduction of £48 p.a. for board. Supervisor—£280×£12 to £340 p.a., less deduction of £100 p.a. for board residence. Domestic—£4 per week, less deduction of £48 p.a. for board. There is no accommodation for children. Applic. forms, with conditions of service, obtainable on receipt of a s.a.e. from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey, to whom completed applics. should be returned at once.

L.C.C. Rachel McMillan Nursery School—Superintendent Teacher (revised announcement). Applics. invited from fully qualified nursery school teachers for appointment as Superintendent Teacher of Rachel McMillan Nursery School, Deptford Church St. S.E.8. The school, which accommodates 120 children (rising shortly to 180), is the demonstration school for the Rachel McMillan Training College. Candidates should be intd. in progressive methods, willing to experiment, and to work in close association with Training College. Salary in accordance with Burnham Scale, plus head teacher's allowance (at present in Gp. I, expected to rise to Gp. II from April 1, 1949). A small unfurn. flat is available if reqd., at a nominal rental. Forms T.S.10 (s.a. foolscap env. necessary) from Educ. Officer, County Hall, S.E.1, must be returned by Dec. 8, 1948.

COUNTY Borough of Croydon. Children's Department. Applics. invited from qualified social workers with exp. of work with children for appointment of Assistant Children's Officer. Salary—Grade A.P.T. III £450×£15 to £495 p.a., plus London Weighting of £30 p.a. (£20 p.a. if under 26 years). Terms and conditions of appointment and applic. forms from Children's Officer, 11 Katharine St. Croydon, to whom applics. should be returned by Dec. 6, 1948. Canvassing will disqualify.

BERKSHIRE C.C. Applics. invited for following posts: Three Children's Welfare Officers, male or female, to assist in Children's Dept. Candidates should have practical exp. in child care and boarding-out, and possess a Degree/Diploma in Social Science or a Home Office Cert. in Child Care. Sal.: A.P.T. II (£420-£465). Fuller partics. and applic. forms obtainable from Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Reading, on receipt of a s.a.e., and should be returned to her completed by Dec. 4.

ASSISTANT Music Adviser on National Staff, Y.W.C.A., from Jan. 1, 1949, to work from London, travelling for periods throughout the country stimulating music in girls' and mixed clubs. Exp. in taking choral groups and dramatic movement valuable. Singer or string instrumentalist with some piano prefd. Sal. from £320. Forms and further partics. on applic. to Personnel Secy., Y.W.C.A., Great Russell St., London, W.C.1. Women under 41 subject to Min. of Labour permit.

EAST Suffolk & Ipswich Hospital, Ipswich. 350 beds. Assistant to Domestic Supervisor required. Usual duties. Commencing salary £160 resident, or according to abilities. Apply to Matron.

PART-time Workers wanted for minimum of 25 hrs. a week in the Marriage Welfare Centres of the Family Welfare Assocn. Univ. Degree/Social Sci. Dipl. essential. Remuneration accdg. to qualifics. and hours available. Applics. to 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. S.W.1.

MARRIED couples (no children) expd. in social activities, estate management and admin., catering and control of staff, reqd. for managerial posts at Guest Houses in Gt. Britain. Age not under 30. Joint sal. £264 p.a. plus furn. quarters & board. Box 6648.

EDITORIAL Assistant reqd. for the Journal of the Institution of Electrical Engineers. Engineering or Science Degree necessary. Exp. in sub-editing of high-class technical copy and kndge. of foreign languages advantageous but not essential. Age 24-35; sal. £400-£550 p.a. according to age and exp. Applics. should be addressed to The Secretary of the Institution, Savoy Place, London, W.C.2.

LADY to assist work on literary periodical; must be able classify books, read proofs, type; state age, salary. Box 6863.

ASSISTANT wanted for Personal Travel Service. Pleasant personality, gd. shthnd.-typg. essential. German and/or French and travel exp. advantage. Box 6865.

Appointments Vacant—continued

AYCLIFFE School. Principal: John Gittins, M.A., B.Sc. Applics. invited for post of Headmaster in this Approved School for Boys. School is interested in experimental education and especially investigation of the problems of backward children. Headmaster also acts as Deputy Principal and this involves assisting in direction of the Classifying School. Post is resident and a modern house is provided, tog. with full board, laundry and domestic assistance. Salary is based on Burnham Scale as applied to Approved Schools plus a special responsibility allowance of £100. Apply in first inst. for full information to Principal, Aycliffe School, Copelaw, Aycliffe, Nr. Darlington, enclosing s.a. foolscap envelope.

JUNIOR Mistress wanted to teach general form subjects in co-educational prep. school on Suffolk Coast. Latin an advantage. Applicants should be under 30 and have a broad outlook. Resident post. Comfortable quarters, pleasant surroundings. Apply with full details to Box 6493.

PRIVATE Secretary, Shorthand-typist, reqd. Salary not excessive but work is interesting. Applics. in writing, stating age and exp. and salary reqd., to Deputy Warden, Bernhard Baron St. George's Jewish Settlement, Berner St. Commercial Rd. E.1.

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WOMAN Sculptor desires part-time work teaching, or assisting in bookshop, art gallery, or the like. Box 6224.

EDUC. woman, fluent French, German, Russian, 8 yrs. Govt. service in responsible position, skilled translator, eff. administrator, sound business exp., gd. typing speed. Sks. suitable position. Post of sec.-housekeeper considered. Exc. testimonials. Box 6205. (Replies to last advert. lost in post.)

INDUSTRIAL chemist, male, 30, first-class degree, experienced in research development and production, seeks post in co-operative concern compatible with Marxist views. Prepared to live abroad. Box 6267.

MATHS. and Science teacher in Midlands Co-educational school, expd. all ages and progressive method, reqs. part-time post, within 20 miles London, January. Box 6238.

Personal

FULL board, small bed-sttg.-rm., accom. and small remuneration offered to someone, in return for help & companionship to lady recovering from broken hip: after Xmas. Centr. htd. mod. flat, Hampton Ct. Box 6164.

ENGLISH young lady, poorly educated, wishes private lessons evenings in English Grammar, spelling, etc. Pref. teacher specialised in this tuition. Box 6245.

HOLIDAY suggestions for 4½-year-old boy & mother. Interests musical, lit., country. Might exch. visits school hols. Box 6262.

WANTED—for Communist Party Summer Schools, July-August, 1949, hostel, guesthouse, school, able accommodate 60-80, pref. Midlands, Lancashire/Yorkshire coasts. Reply Educ. Dept., 16 King St. London, W.C.2.

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